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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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MEETING OF THE CHAMPIONS.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, AND ALF. GREENFIELD, THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, SHAKE HANDS IN THE "POLICE GAZETTE" OFFICE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

A HUG-LY customer—J. H. Laflin.

THE "smoke of battle" still hangs around.

THE Cabinet-maker has already opened his shop.

SALT creek is where the too fresh candidates go.

LAFLIN evidently preaches better than he practices.

A GOOD man gone in Seth Hawley, Clerk of the Board of Police.

WHEN a criminal swings he probably is "learning the ropes."

THE Laflin-Sullivan match seems to have been a regular hugger-nugger.

THE trouble with the Chinese navy is that its plated ships were all China plated.

EVENTS in the last month establish the fact that nobody owns the Ohio Germans.

How many fellows have gone to consummate smash over election bets this fall, eh?

THE Rhode Island woods have been afire. The flames reached clear across the State.

FRANCE cannot shake off her unwelcome guest. It looks as if the cholera had come to stay.

LAFLIN must have mistaken Sullivan for an opportunity, he embraced him so often and so eagerly.

THE price of gas is being reduced. This is bad news for George Alfred Townsend and Eli Perkins.

JOHN STETSON says that he doesn't believe Cleveland was elected by much of a pleurisy, anyhow.

JAY GOULD got in out of the wet just in time. But he lost his umbrella and split his overshoes in his haste.

HENRY FAWCETT, the late Postmaster-General of England, was a great finan-seer—he was blind, however.

WE'VE had a lot of bogus foreign noblemen over here, but we, none the less, insist on an honest Count.

GREENFIELD is no Laflin. Make no mistake about that. The POLICE GAZETTE don't back dunghills, as a rule.

MILWAUKEE is making her mark as a sauerkraut market. You can tell when you get within ten miles of Milwaukee.

Good humor is one of the American traits that could not well be dispensed with in these days of political excitement.

THERE seems to be a general impression that the recent match at the Madison Square Garden was decidedly a Laflin matter.

THE only thing that makes one doubt the defeat of Joe Mulhatton, the drummers' candidate, is that Joe admits it himself.

A PITTSBURG woman forgot where she had put \$300 and tried to dash her brains out against the pavement. She would probably have succeeded if it had not been for one insurmountable difficulty.

A CHICAGO dramatic editor has fallen heir, 'tis rumored, to an income of \$20,000 a year. It would have been a good deal better for him if he had inherited a Webster's unabridged and a copy of Lindley Murray

THE warm wave reported from Kansas is caused by the countless effigies of St. John burned in the State every night now.

BREAD, says an Illinois philanthropist, tastes better if eaten with the buttered side down. But not after it has dropped on the floor.

BROOKLYN talks of throwing all her garbage into the sea. A good many Brooklyn politicians have moved inland in consequence.

THE telegraph editor of the Pittsburg Leader is said to have married an Allegheny girl. At any rate he was seen to Leader to the altar.

LAFLIN wasn't contented with two seconds. He wanted a whole minute every time to get his wind when Sullivan bowled him over.

VICTORIA SCHELLING MOROSINI is to appear as an actress at the Thalia theatre. Her husband will, no doubt, "coach" her in her parts.

THE wheelbarrow bet idiot has been out in great force the last two weeks. He ought to go double with another ass and make a team job of it.

LAFLIN says that Sullivan is a rush'un. The professor, however, is the real bear, to judge by the warmth and long continuance of his hugging.

THE English police authorities are suppressing the Salvation Army. They say, with great justice, that it fosters the worst kind of immoralities.

LAFLIN wanted \$1,000 for hugging Sullivan like a long-lost brother. But he didn't get a cent. All that he actually received was a clean knock-out.

THE new-fangled faith cure is going like wild fire out West. At the same time, nobody has come forward and sworn that he ever saw a ham cured by faith.

MARK TWAIN, having put away nearly \$2,000,000 in bank, is to go on the road delivering comic lectures. It is sad to see a great humorist so horribly hard up.

WRIGHT SANFORD, Hermann Oelrichs and Larry O'Brien, were all of them dreadfully overcast by Sullivan's easy victory. They bet heavily on the professor.

JUST as the bloody shirt has gone finally out of fashion paper shirts are coming in. The latter are made in layers and you get a clean shirt every time you pull a layer off.

MRS. LOCKWOOD, Ben Butler, Grover Cleveland and Jonpy St. John are satisfied, but Jim Blaine and Joe Mulhatton are demanding a recount of the votes in New York.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, it is said, will be President Cleveland's Postmaster-General. Gawge will likely get the appointment on the score of being a man of letters.

THEY seem to have a nice brand of father in Philadelphia. When the average Philadelphian parent goes home drunk he seizes the baby lying in the cradle and throws it out of the window.

BINNS, the successor of Marwood, the English hangman, is said to be an habitual drunkard. Perhaps he has caught the bad habit from his professional customers. They all take a drop too much.

IN Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, the prisoners skipped from the county jail and made a break for liberty. They took the precaution of leaving the jailer behind locked up in one of his own cells.

THEY are going to hang a woman for murder in Canada. She says she is so glad to think she is going to quit the Dominion that she really doesn't care how she is going to get out of it. No wonder.

A JAILFUL of prisoners was poisoned at Jackson, Mich., the other day by eating cheese. The cheese was so strong that, in another week, it would have become an admirable instrument to break jail with.

WHY doesn't the Legislature appoint a commission to investigate into the way the elevated railroad hires and contracts with its employees? Its system is almost as bad as the slavery down South before the war.

It begins to look as though the Presidency might terminate in a gigantic political lawsuit. If that should be the case, which side would Lawyer Benny Butler and Lawyeress Belva Ann Lockwood defend?

THE latest crank among the Brummagen Britishers is to get married in hunting costumes. The dudes attend the ceremony in red jackets, and directly afterward gallop after a tame fox till the dogs have run it to ground and chewed it all up.

QUEEN VICTORIA has got nineteen grandchildren. She is almost qualified for membership in a comic opera chorus.

THE railroad ticket war now provides for passage from as well as to Chicago at reduced rates. The exodus from the Skunk City will, no doubt, be something tremendous as soon as its inhabitants get on to the good news.

THE tidal wave of clerical infamy has struck Minneapolis, where a clergyman, and the president of a State university at that, has been caught in the act of flagrant improper intercourse with a Greek professoress.

MAUDS, has beaten her record and Bob Bonner is correspondingly happy. It is no small thing to own one of the best weeklies and the three fastest horses in the world. The mare beat her record by a Bair half-second.

THE old, old Storey is going to be revived again in another form. Every relative he left behind him wants a share of the estate which, months before he died, the late editor of the Chicago Times was not allowed to manage.

THEY'VE been setting St. John on fire a good deal lately in Kansas. It has been a dummy made up to look like him every time. The English pronounce his name Singe-on. Perhaps that's why he has been so well scorched.

A CHAP named Frederick Bowman was arrested on a German steamer, at Hoboken, with 800 glass eyes in his possession. He was held for smuggling and the eyes were confiscated. They will come in handy for the Custom-house officers.

GOLD and Vanderbilt both wrote letters to Grover Cleveland congratulating him. But when they signed their names to checks they were for the benefit of Jim Blaine. Cleveland would certainly have preferred the checks to the letters.

A TRAVELER through Arabia writes that when a Bedouin is asked to drink his answer would frequently be: "No, thanks; I drank yesterday." In this country the answer usually is: "Well, I've been at it all the morning, but I guess I can stand another."

THE man-who-shaves-for-the-first-time-in-twenty-years is coming to the fore a great deal the last day or two. He sacrifices his beard on the altar of Democratic success. As a rule he is enough of an idiot to justify a barber in beginning his shave under the chin and cutting clean through to the back of the neck.

"I HATE shams!" exclaims Mr. Labouchere, in London Truth. So do we all, Henry, so do we all, but the women folks like 'em. Why don't you compromise with Mrs. L., and spread a handkerchief over the pillow to keep off the hair-oil? That's better than being spiteful in print about it, anyway.

WITHIN the ten years of its existence, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in this city has rescued 9,121 children from dens of vice and infamy. It has prosecuted successfully 4,632 cases of cruelty and neglect and failed in only 216 cases. It has made inquiry on complaints involving more than 48,000 children.

JOHN McCULLOUGH seems to be in a pretty bad way, and it is high time some of the chaps who were his devoted friends when he was well and flourishing should look after him now. But—Lord be merciful to us—a hard time has anybody in this year of grace who being in trouble looks for the help of the people he benefited when he was prosperous.

A BURGLAR at Marysville, Cal., hid under a woman's bed, forgetting that is just where the regulation woman always looks before retiring. When discovered he had the presence of mind to pull out a mouth-organ and wheeze out "Sweet Violets." She set up the fruit cake and wine and said she felt in her "bones" that somebody was going to serenade her soon.

A RECENT sermon describes Adam as a very solemn man. Although he wasn't as wise as a solemn man, he was a great humorist. During his short and eventful career in the Garden of Eden, and after he had registered the names of the animals in his herd-book, he went to work and got off a lot of jokes. Although he died, they were not lost. You hear them at every circus performance you go to.

"HUGGING societies" for the benefit of the church fund are a new religious freak in Missouri. Christianity probably never received a more successful boom. If the female portion of the congregation is young and handsome, one hugging sociable ought to net a sufficient sum to cancel the church mortgage, pay the minister six months' salary in advance, purchase the winter's supply of fuel, and have twenty dollars or so over to pay the expenses of getting fifty cents to the heathen.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



ED. MALLAHAN AND HIS BABIES.

BILL CROWLEY, late of the Bostons, has signed with the Buffalo Club for next season.

PATRICK O'BRIEN, of La Salle, Ill., is 104 years old, and is still a Democrat. He is very happy now.

THE Philadelphia Club has engaged Myers, of the Milwaukee, as second-baseman for next season.

JIM O'ROURKE says "Declined with thanks," to the offer lately made him by the Athletics of Philadelphia.

MANAGER BARNIE, of the Baltimore Club, has bought out his partner, A. T. Houck, and hereafter Barnie will play a lone hand in the management.

THE salary of Mr. James G. Lathrop, the new trainer for athletics at Harvard, will be \$2,000 a year. The salary of a regular college tutor is generally from \$800 to \$1,200.

GEORGE STRIEF, late of the Cleveland Club, has signed with the Athletics of Philadelphia, and will be given a trial of second base next season, alternating with Stricker in that position.

FORTUNATELY for Al. Spalding, a few weeks before the fire at his store he had removed his valuable series of scrap-books, or otherwise they would have been burned. Money could not have replaced them.

JIM PATTERSON's gold "fighting-cock" pin has had to stand several snatches. There doesn't seem to be another article of jewelry so coveted as that pin. But James manages to hold on to it all the same.

PADDY RYAN, who looks like a blooming daffodil, says that he doesn't care to go out behind Jim Patterson's new team again. They enjoy the reputation of having killed already two priests and one bishop.

HARRIMAN, the walker, is still out West. He complains that some base and wicked person is using his name and queering his prospects as a pedestrian. Plunger Walton, who is a relative by marriage of the festive Charles H., isn't backing him any.

THE Brooklyn Club is negotiating with J. C. Chapman to act as manager of that club in 1885. He is the man for the place beyond question. But he should have exclusive control of the team without the drawback of official interference, as he had in Detroit.

GENIAL, even-tempered, kind, old Bill Clark has opened a fencing and sparring academy on Sixth avenue. The place was formally opened on the 1st of November, and a big crowd was in attendance. "Professor Billy" is one of the men who never grow old.

JIMMY WOOD, the veteran second-baseman of the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, and the Chicago White Stockings, has returned to Chicago after an absence of several years in Florida. His retirement from the ball-field was necessitated by the loss of a leg through amputation.

COL. CASH, the notorious South Carolina man, is said to have at his fingers' end all sorts of old points on dueling. One of his queer assertions is that in every regular duel fought in the United States the man with the fewer syllables in his name always killed his antagonist.

THE London World complains that the fund of £500, raised in England for the benefit of the widow of Matthew Webb, the swimmer who was overwhelmed in the Niagara whirlpool, has not been transmitted to her, and asks the reason of the delay. Somebody should rise to explain.

SAM TIERS, the well-known pedestrian, was on Oct. 31 sentenced in Paterson, N. J., to one year's imprisonment for receiving stolen goods. He was convicted on the evidence of a man named William Spiers, who offered \$50 reward for a watch that had been stolen from him, and the missing property was returned to him by Tiers. Tiers wasn't shrewd enough to outrun the constable. So he occupies one of the other tiers in Trenton State Prison.

JERE DUNN a week ago underwent examination regarding his connection with the recent alleged prize fight on Richard Rusk's farm. The witnesses called for by Detectives Amstein and Haas failed to appear, and the officers thereupon asked for another continuance. Dunn, however, demanded his release, declaring that his arrest was illegal, there being no warrant against him. Justice Hersten agreed with the prisoner and discharged him. A warrant for Dunn's arrest was taken out a short time afterward and an officer started in pursuit of him.

THE Prince of Wales is thus hit off by a Kentuckian who writes from London to the Courier-Journal: "He mixes a good deal with the masses and is very democratic in his manner. He remembers names and faces so well and is so pleasant that if he were living in Kentucky he would be elected to the Legislature. He knows which side his bread is buttered on. He seems to have sown his wild oats and has been behaving himself first-rate for five years." They say, too, that he is the best amateur lawn-tennis player in England. That settles it. A man, to hold that position, must be very mushy.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The New Mazeppa Lately Discovered, With Other Novelties To Match.

Some very terrible prospects confront the American people for next season. But there are two menaces in the air which are, in themselves, sufficiently appalling to obscure the gaiety of the continent with a dark cloud.

(1.) The cholera will inevitably be here by the month of June.

(2.) A New Mazeppa has been discovered and will be put upon the stage in September, 1885.

The fact that Ristori is already playing in this country, in English, and that Dan Bandmann, the champion scene-eater, is also on the prowl, will no doubt, reconcile the unthinking many to the fearful outlook which confronts them.

Says the shallow and inconsiderate reader: "Confound it all, if we can survive Ristori in English, and if Bandmann as *Narcisse* don't prove immediately fatal, what on earth is the good of getting into a stew over the mere expectation of a New Mazeppa?" Fatal illusion!

The trouble is that the production of the New Mazeppa is going to be a moral—a strictly moral—even-



Ye manager discovers ye New Mazeppa.

Hitherto, the Mazeppas of the American stage have been frail, fair, fascinating sirens.

The New Mazeppa is not fair. Her bitterest enemy would not so asperse the solidity of her frame as to call her frail, and even her own judgment in her behalf would scarcely pronounce her fascinating.

The New Mazeppa was discovered in the usual way by a gentleman who has for years devoted every energy to the pursuit of that fleeting ideal. He has been a confirmed—and for that matter—baptized Mazeppa-hunter ever since he learned the difference between a theatre and a prayer-meeting.

He has gone on steadily turning out Mazeppa after Mazeppa with the accuracy and the ardor of a rolling mill producing steel rails. He began the business in 1843—or thereabouts—and it is his proud boast that every one of the 1,214 Mazeppas who have consecutively stripped themselves to their underclothes in the interest of art and the drama were introduced by himself.

It is a very cold week that this estimable old party don't bag at least one new—or, to be more accurate—middle-aged candidate for the tights (she didn't wear any kind of a mantle) of Ada Isaacs Menken.

His latest Mazeppa was discovered by him under the most romantic and yet, as Mazeppas go, the most commonplace circumstances.

He was walking down King street, past a lowly but useful and accommodating house of refreshment much favored by longshoremen and stevedores. The clatter of crockery and glassware aroused him from



Ye manager holds out inducements to ye New Mazeppa.

his day-dream, and he peered through an open window to see what the noise might perchance

His glance alighted on a comely, not to say buxom damsel engaged in the admirable domestic function of washing the plates and dishes of the restaurant.

She was rather more red than rosy, and her lines were remarkable rather for their abundance than their grace—speaking from every point of view save that of a professional Mazeppa-hunter.

But he recognized his prey at once.

In that sweaty, carrotty-haired, bull-necked and oleaginous being his eagle eye detected an ideal Mazeppa.

Now it is one of the painful consequences of being a connoisseur of Mazeppas that, in the symbolic language of the theatrical profession, you seldom, if ever, have any "boodle in your kick."

Here, then, was a moment of cruel, almost diabolical tantalization for our ancient and honorable professor of Mazeppism.

In his grasp the most Mazeppish of all possible Mazeppas—in his vest-pocket a single dollar bill.

Happily nature knows how to make compensations.



Ye New Mazeppa is photographed.

The veteran was gifted with a glibness of utterance and a fluency of persuasion that would have made him a serious rival of Hungry Joe. So tilting his hat over his left eyebrow, the dollar bill in his fingers to be used as a purely figurative illustration, he boldly entered the kitchen, and in a few words submitted to the astonished but gratified damsel a proposition to star her as the greatest of all Mazeppas.

Wiping her massive and furrowed brow with a hand redolent of the tepid broth in which she laved her crockery, the beautiful novice coyly asked her visitor what he was giving her.

It took him just five minutes by the watch, interrupted by divers frantic calls for cups, saucers and other like articles, to paint the glorious certainty which awaited her.

Once, previous to the soothing and intoxicating voice of flattery, the fair and substantial neophyte consented to "have a try of it," as she expressed herself in the unctuous dialect of her native land.

Promptly that even she sent in her resignation (verbally) as an honored member of the culinary staff of the dining-room in whose service she toiled, and, under the guidance of her new manager, took a room up town.

The first step to take, professionally, was to get photographed. All Mazeppas have to be photographed at the outset of their professional careers. In fact, a good many Mazeppas, nine, say, out of every



Ye steed of ye New Mazeppa.

possible ten, advance no further. Their likenesses once taken they stifle their dramatic aspirations and prudently vanish into private life once more.

This New Mazeppa, a generous smile mantling on her ample features, went, as directed, to the establishment of Mr. Falk, and was duly immortalized by that gifted artist.

It's the most utterly consummate Mazeppa that ever struck consternation to the heart of a camera.

Now the proper professional pursuit of Mazeppism, should it go further than the mere act of being photographed with just about enough clothes on to comply with the rules of the bathing beach at Newport or Narragansett, involves the purchase of a horse. In the fiction of the play the animal to which



A failure to connect on ye part of ye New Mazeppa.

Mazeppa is bound, is a fiery, untamed steed of the Ukraine breed, whereas, in fact, it is an all-fired, lame plug of the Third Avenue infirmity brand.

Very few people know that the average price of a Mazeppa F. U. steed of the U. S. is, in open market, \$10.

That being the standard value of the gallant courser of the play, it is not difficult to imagine the noble angularity of his architecture, and the severe, almost savage candor with which his whole being suggests an early and unlamented trip to the bone-yard.

Such a steed was, after much nagging, purchased for the New Mazeppa.

It's a sound axiom of the modern stage that all new plays and all new artists shall be tried upon dogs. These, of course, must be dogs of the metaphorical variety, for if the average Mazeppa steed were to be tried on a dog of the metaphysical brand, there wouldn't be enough of that steed left to satisfy the demand of the least exacting one-night stand on the entire route.

In this case the town of Red Bank, in the great State of New Jersey, was selected as the scene of the experiment. The local theatrical dogs of Red Bank, New Jersey, die hard, very hard. It takes a mighty strong dose of dramatic poison to lay them out.

Imagine the constitution of a town which stood, without any appreciable injury the first production of "Hazel Kirke," "My Partner" and Catherine Lewis in "Madame Boniface!"

Well, upon the night of the experimental production of the New Mazeppa in Red Bank, New Jersey, everything went well, except the fiery, untamed steed of the genuine Ukraine breed.

He wouldn't go at all.

Vainly was he expostulated with as to his rear elevation with baseball clubs.

Vainly was a strong cable hitched on to his bridle,



Ye triumph of memory.

bent to a windlass in the flies and hauled upon by a force of stout carpenters.

Vainly was a pan of red fire, with an ingenious pretense of accident, touched off under his yearning abdomen.

To this day might that iron-nerved courser have stood in monumental fashion on the stage of the Opera House, Red Bank, New Jersey, if it had not been for a ready-witted person temporarily engaged as back doorkeeper of the same.

Grasping a bell in his hand, he gave it one reverberating peal.

Into that ancient horse's eyes there flashed his whimsical fire. Across the arid prairies of his memory came the familiar jangle of the bell. In his drowsy, equine fancy he heard once more the creaking of the brake thrown off, the loud, salutatory curse of the honest but intoxicated driver, under whose imperious sway he had pulled himself almost to pieces in the distant long ago.

Pricking up his ears, uplifting his melancholy tail and pawing the planks in transport, the gallant animal bounded merrily up his run.

The New Mazeppa was saved.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Farry & Bay have burst up. Just so.

The motto of the Bijou Opera House chorus, is "Sick simpler tyrannus."

One of Janauschek's great-grandchildren, Sophie by name, is playing at the Thalia theatre.

"Amy Gordon is playing in a Chicago saloon in which drinking and smoking are allowed." And why not?

Ben Butler is going to winter in Europe. He is afraid of his bald head, now that the United States has gone skating-rink crazy.

"Mr. ——— has just purchased a diamond in the drop weighing a little over 100 carats." Another silly theatrical advertising lie.

Philadelphia has got a Chestnut Dime Museum. This is evidently the asylum in which Sydney Rosenfield finds his supernumerary jokes.

Lawrence Brannigan-Barrett, Esq., played in Montana to miners who paid \$2.50 and pretended to believe that they got their money's worth.

Harvard College has got a professor of elocution, Harry Hill. He has most of the accomplishments and graces of his New York namesake.

The Standard theatre in New York is to have a \$3,000 drop curtain. This curtain will prove "a drop too much" for the management, see if it won't.

Lydia Thompson and Lotta are both playing "Mlle. Nitouche." It is a play which seems to have a singular fascination for old and played-out actresses.

Who is "Miss Nora Bartlett, the Boston actress?" She is going to spend the winter in Paris. This is rough on Paris—very rough. Even worse than the cholera.

Gen. Paresis Davis scored a tremendous frost—in Newport. The general verdict was that Newport, having no Dime Museum, Alvin Joslyn was seriously out of place.

The report that Joe Emmett's new play represents the condition of Joe Emmett's nerves after a febrile is really justified by the play itself. Anything rarer or more rotten it is impossible to imagine.

"The Devil's Auction" is doing a devil of a business down South. The only sales reported at this auction is that of the audience. The house is sold—badly sold—every night.

Miss M——c—— has let her great \$25,000 suit go by default. The hapless peeler she prosecuted paid \$74 counsel fee and costs to M——c's lawyer, and the case went "off."

Jack Haverly, brimful of grit and enterprise, has come back from Europe to down all his enemies. And he'll do it, too—do it every time. There are no flies worth counting on Jack nowadays.

Jedgar Gummary is writing two-column theatrical essays for the *Mirror*. Fiske is too bright, smart and quick-witted a chap not to know that Jedgar's essays are more soporific than an overdose of laudanum.

No man who knows John Donnelly, of the Bijou Opera House, will grudge him the \$2,300 he made at his benefit last Sunday. At least \$1,500 of the amount was drawn by the presence of Tony Pastor as door-keeper.

"The Wife's Honor" company has come to grief in Columbus, Ohio. The trouble was not with the "Wife's Honor," but with the fact that the manager's drafts weren't honored by the banks on which they were drawn.

Eric Breslin Bayley has gone up the spout of bankruptcy. He was a noisy, vociferous, incapable and altogether incompetent little duffer, and the sooner he gets back to compounding shandygaffs at the paternal bar the better.

Grace Hawthorne, who modestly claims to be only an American girl, is backed by W. W. Kelly, the shrewdest, most energetic, and jolliest young fellow who ever went into theatrical management, and turned out a winner every time.

McKee Rankin, not at heart a bad fellow, but a thundering shifty one, has executed a mortgage of \$9,550 on the fixtures and furniture of the Third Avenue theatre—to Andrew Dam, of course. What Rankin would do without Andrew Dam is a most interesting conundrum.

Rose Coghlan is not much more popular out of New York than she is in it. A Chicago newspaper says that she can no longer be called a fresh Rose. Bah! He doesn't know her.

The wonderful play, to be known as "Ivanoff," which was written by a Rochester physician, will shortly be produced in that town under the management of Mr. Townsend Perry. Every seat has been taken for the first night—such is the extraordinary regard felt for this Rochester doctor by the local undertakers.

Mr. Harry Lee Rosenzweig hasn't made a hit as *Loris Ivanoff*, in "Fedora." His predecessor's Mantell has evidently not fallen upon him. By the way, what has become of the Lee-Elisler-Weston triplicate alliance? It was going to rake in the world in one of Barrymore's pieces. Barrymore, so they say, has all gone to pieces.

Dr. "Ham" Griffin still bravely represents the American Hog in Europe, and snaps his fingers at Bismarck with audacity, which makes all his compatriot pork turn green with envy. When "Our Molle's" share amounts of a night to \$1,500, the generous "Ham" takes home a nice little supper of Frankfort sausages and sauerkraut.

Poor, old, erysipellatory Cazauran has "faked up" a play which he calls "Duprez & Son," and Jim Collier, in his big-hearted, reckless, generous way, is going to bet all he is worth on it at the Union Square. Fizzle? Why, of course it will be afrost of frosts. Cazauran never adapted—really adapted—a success in his long and misspent life.

Henry Wayne Ellis has sold some plays and is making some money. He is a bright, clever, honest little man, against whom every man's hand seemed to be causelessly uplifted. His devotion to his children, instead of evoking admiration and respect, was charged against him as a joke. He deserves his success, and the Lord knows that he has worked hard enough for it.

Edward Clayburgh has "caught on" immensely with Helen Blythe and the "Creole." (Ex-Article 47.) Edward will be able to give some of the know-it-alls what is professionally known as "the grand laugh" when he gets back to New York. In Cincinnati they went wild over his star and pronounced him a miracle of managerial genius. Edward is a coming man—make no mistake about it.

Robert Buchanan has changed his boarding-house again. He finds it impossible to write a play on only ten meals a day, and the poverty of the fare at his recent residence reduced him to a very low literary and intellectual ebb. He eats three pounds of beefsteak, six chops, two omelets, a dish of ham and eggs and five Yarmouth bladders for breakfast. Anything short of that leaves an aching void in the Buchananite internal system.

It is very nice to learn that Cliff Tayleure "first put Henry Chanfrau upon the stage and gave him the money to go on the road as a star." There has been a vague impression afloat that it was the late Frank Chanfrau's money, advanced by Mrs. Chanfrau, which "started" Frank Chanfrau's son. It is an open secret that Henry Chanfrau means to "open up a box of eye salve" on his generous and self-sacrificing benefactor.

Maude Branscombe is dying in London. Her husband, Everhardup Maxwell Stuart—who is also the ex-husband of poor Amy Fawcett—is now the possessor of the affections of Miss Billie Barlow. The matrimonial prospects of Mr. Everhardup Maxwell Stuart are simply dazzling in their numerosity, so to speak. As long as there are ballet-girls and chorus-singers to be had in lawful wedlock it will be a day of Arctic refrigeration when Mr. Stuart is wifeless.

Mr. Waltzing Ham Stuart is in trouble in London. He represents the Boston *Herald* in England, and applied to Henry Abbey for the part of *Paris* in "Romeo and Juliet" with Mary Anderson. Henry Abbey sent him to a dancing-master to learn the art Terpsichorean, but the dancing-master reported that the Waltzing Ham was unteachable. So Abbey respectfully declined his services, and now Mr. Stuart announces that he will "go for" the fair and fickle Mary in the columns of the Boston *Herald*. We doubt it. The Boston *Herald* is not that kind of a newspaper.



HARRY MINER,

THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL MANAGER.

Harry Miner.

Harry Miner was born in New York in 1842, and received a liberal education at Mechanics' Institute, from which place he graduated in 1857. He studied medicine at the College of Pharmacy and graduated in 1860. After having charge of several of our most extensive pharmacies, he became tired of the medicine line and drifted, as it were, into the theatrical busi-

ness. He commenced by building the Grenoble Palace in Baltimore, Md., and after a successful run there, sold out to advantage and opened the Baltimore Museum, which he called the New Canterbury. This place he managed during the war. He afterward was advance agent for several prominent dramatic stars, combinations, etc. He then turned attention to New York, and after encountering many difficulties, etc., erected the London theatre on the Bowery, in

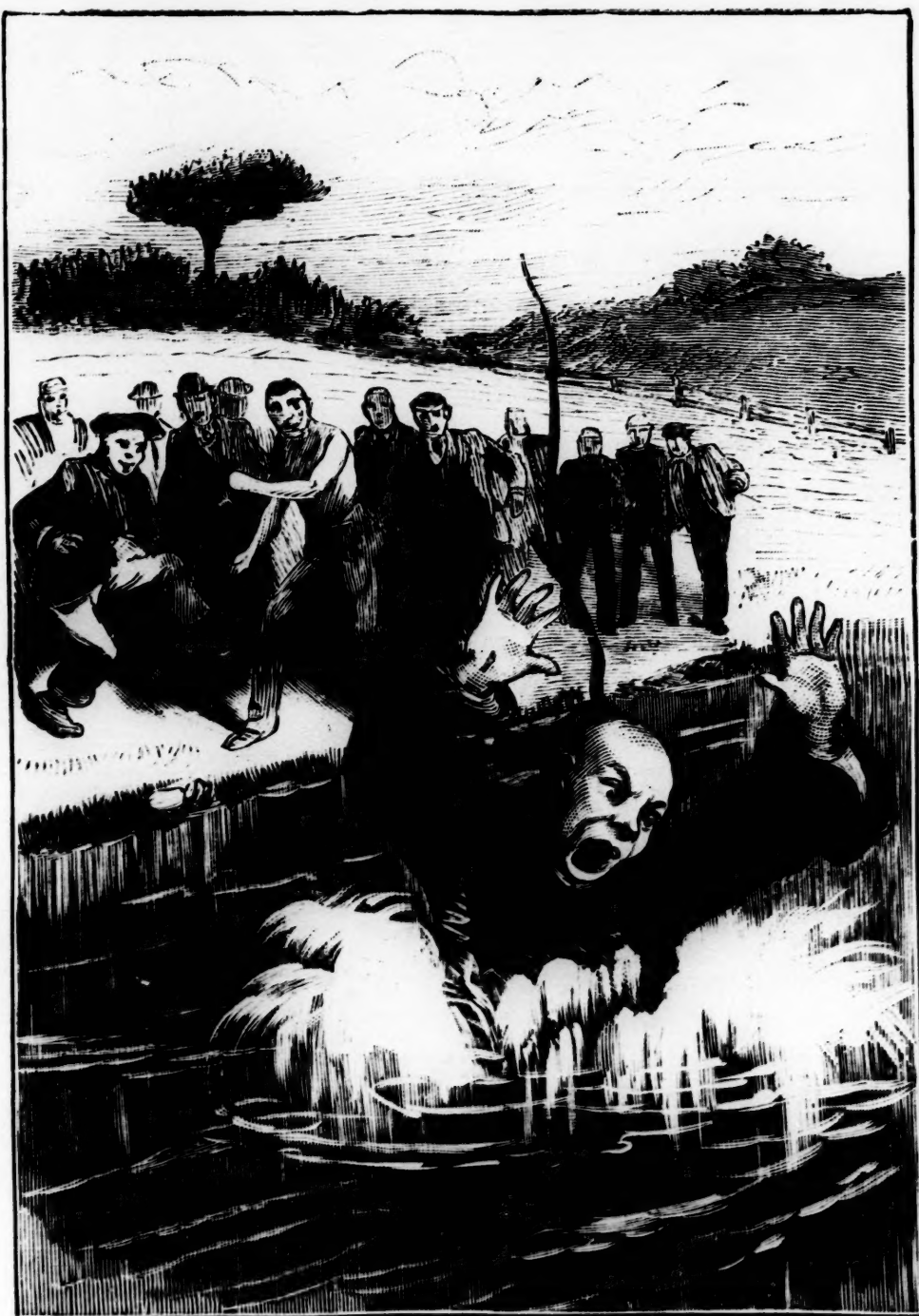


OUTLAW BUZZARD'S SQUARE MEAL.

HOW A PENNSYLVANIA OUTLAW ENJOYED A HEARTY SUPPER.

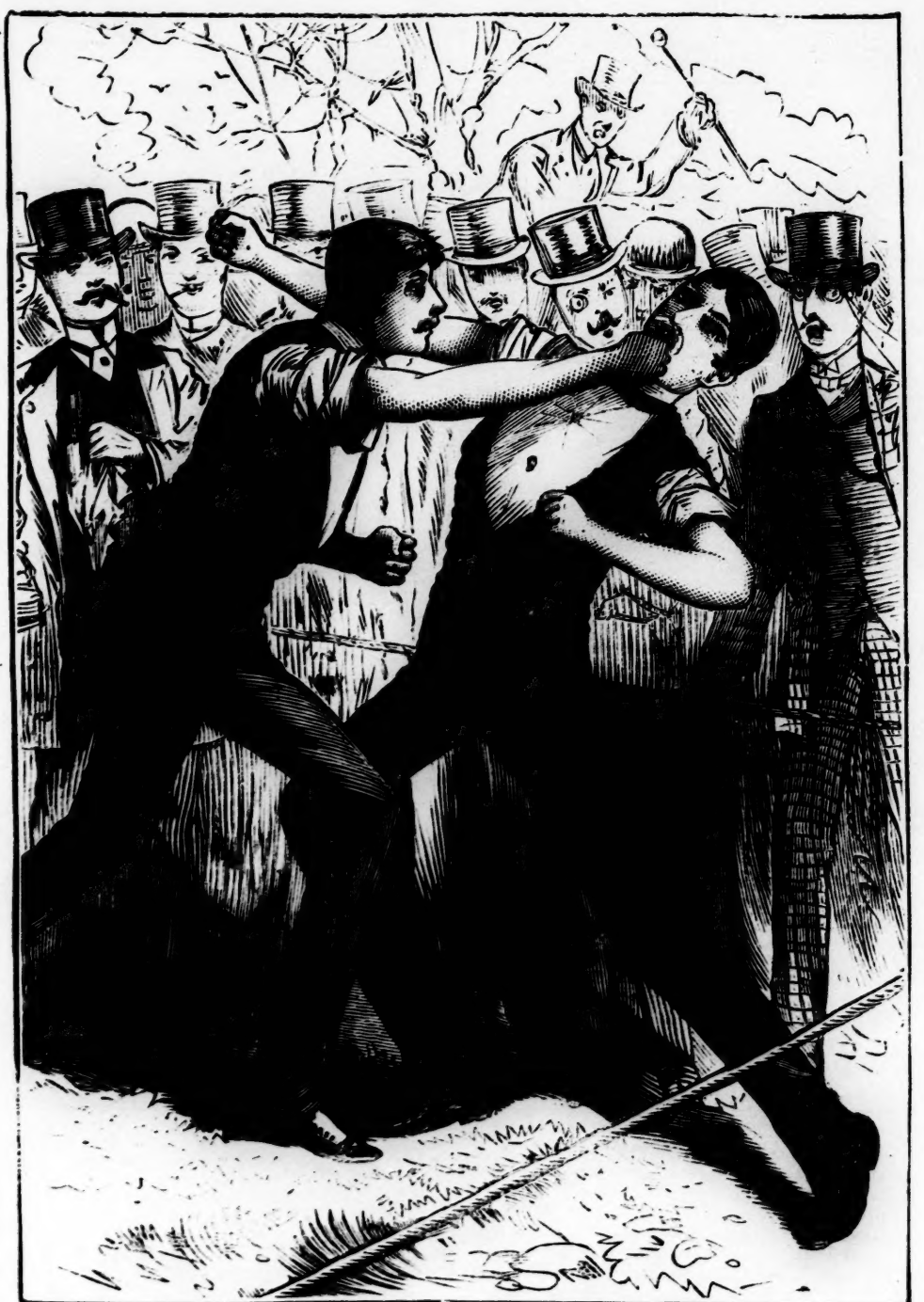
1876. Having sold out the latter place his next speculation was the Third Avenue theatre, which he named the American theatre. Here he netted the snug little sum of \$12,000, and after disposing of this place at a high figure he contracted to build his present Bowery theatre, and on July 1, 1878, he presented to the wondering eye of New York that elegant structure, costing \$38,000. Not satisfied, and determining to give the up-town public a place of cheap

amusements, he, together with Mr. Thos. Canary, purchased the property Nos. 310, 312, 314 Eighth avenue, and erected what is known as Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue theatre, which proved a complete success. In May, 1883, he purchased the old Volk's Garden on the Bowery, and during the summer of that year erected there his pretty People's theatre, which was opened on Sept. 3, 1883, since which time the business has been phenomenal.



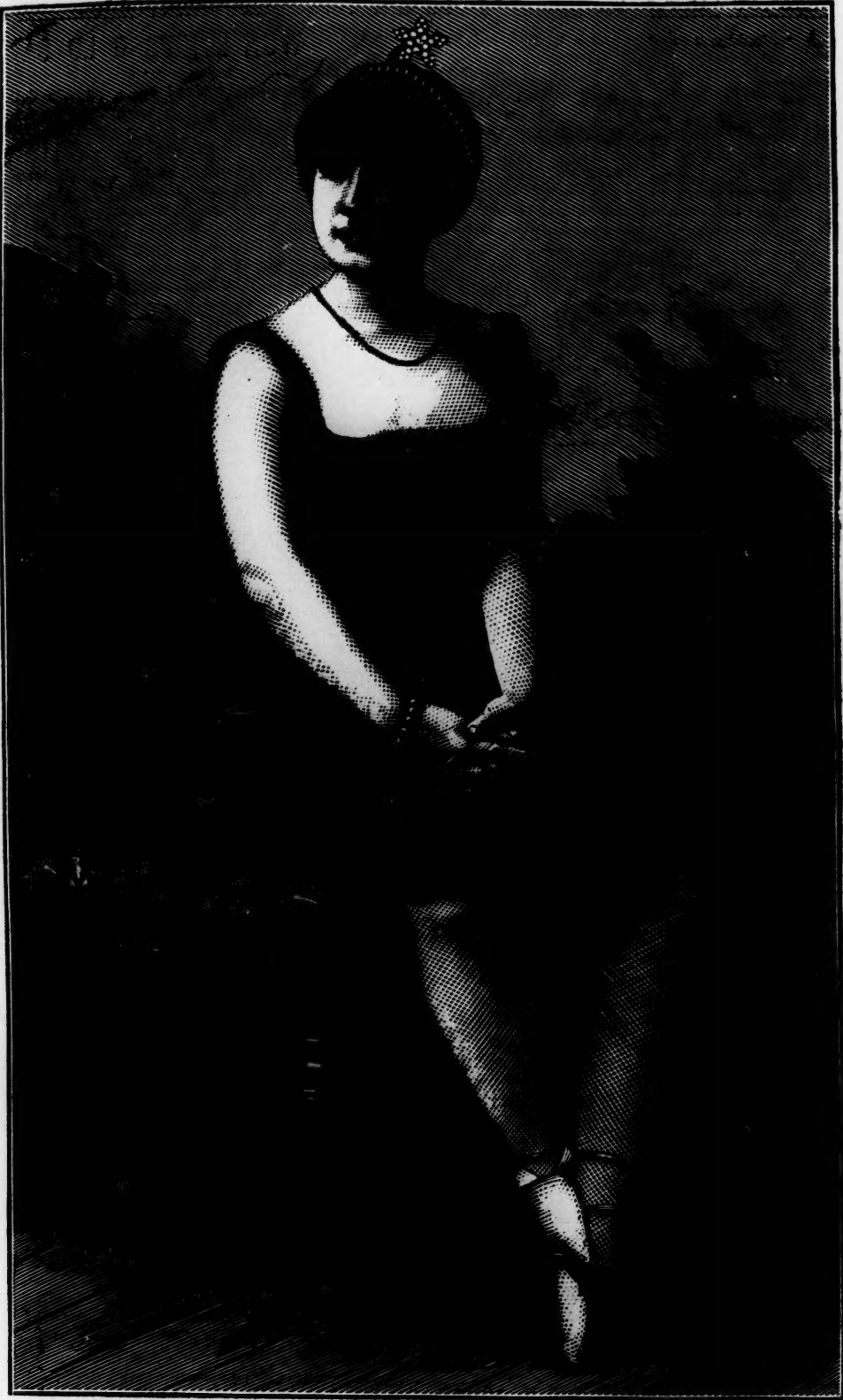
WUN LUNG'S COLD BATH.

HE GETS HIS TWO LUNGS TOO FULL OF WATER TO BE COMFORTABLE.



A DANDY ENCOUNTER.

TWO SWELLS SLUG EACH OTHER FOR, IT IS SAID, A MAIDEN FAIR.

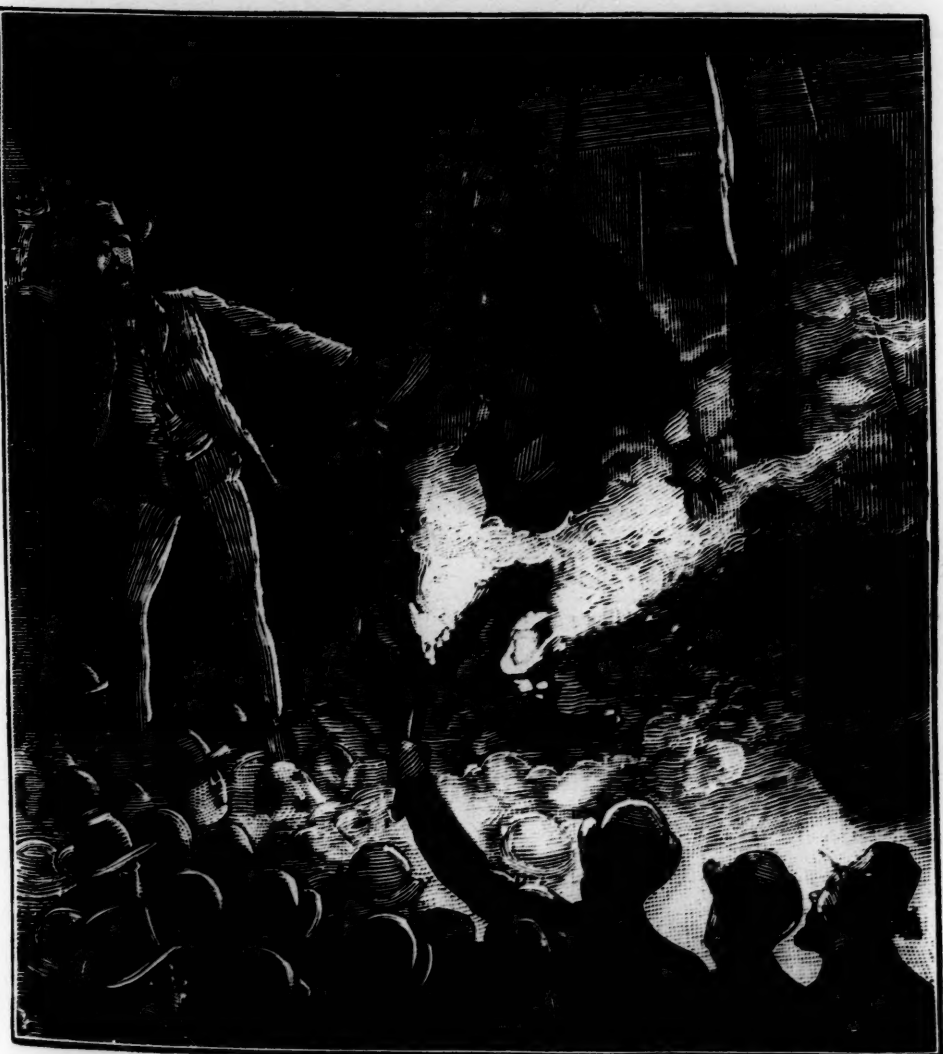


MLLE. DE SORTIS.

St. John In Effigy.

Political excitement ran high in Topeka, Kan., on the evening of Nov. 7, and it reached its culmination in the hanging in effigy of Gov. St. John, the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency. Fully 3,000 men and boys watched

the image of St. John go up in flames from a telegraph-pole in front of the Western Union telegraph office. Capt. P. H. Coney made a short speech declaring that St. John had violated every trust and confidence of the people of Kansas and that the State should be cleared of his name.



ST. JOHN IN EFFIGY.

CITIZENS OF TOPEKA MAKE IT HOT FOR THE PROHIBITION CANDIDATE.

Flung From the Elevated.

Another instance of the recklessness which too often occurs on the elevated railroads in this city was displayed at the Bleecker street station on Nov. 8. At 7:18 o'clock Engine No. 248, drawing a full complement of four cars, dashed up to the depot on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. The last man to leave the train was Nicola Laurino, who was returning from his work up town as a laborer, to his home at 91 Crosby street. He got off the rear platform of the second car, and just as he stepped on the station the train started.

The guard, whose name is said to be Wood, slammed the gate. It caught the tails of the Italian's coat and held him prisoner. The speed of the train increased, and, notwithstanding his cries to stop the train, the struggling man was dragged from the center of the platform to the guard-rail on the south end of the platform, which he struck and with a despairing cry fell over it and plunged to the pavement below, breaking his left leg in three places and the right one above the ankle, also receiving serious internal injuries which may cause his death.

John Chenneville.

John Chenneville has, for the past five years, been sergeant of the police, and detective, at Austin, Texas. Chenneville was the right-hand man of the late notorious desperado, Ben Thompson, ex-city marshal of Austin, who was killed recently in a San Antonio theatre. Detective Chenneville has sent more criminals to the penitentiary than any other sheriff, detective, or officer of the State of Texas. He was born in New Orleans, La., and served on the



GEORGE TRESSLER,

ACCUSED OF A BRUTAL MURDER IN MINNESOTA.

police force six years in that city. The star he wears on his breast was presented to him by Thompson as an acknowledgment of his bravery and efficiency during Thompson's term of office as marshal.

George Tressler.

Last month a cold-blooded murder was committed in Faribault Co., Minn., and through the energy of Col. T. J. Sheehan the culprits have been brought to justice. At the time in question, about 8 P. M., while the family of Ole Iverson were seated at supper three masked men stepped in, two of them with shotguns, cocked and aimed at Mr. Iverson. One of the robbers said:

"Hold up your hands."

Mr. Iverson expostulated and one of the guns was discharged, the contents striking him in the face. The other gun was snapped but failed



JOHN CHENNEVILLE.

A BRAVE TEXAS DETECTIVE.

to discharge. Although there were three other men in the room they were so paralyzed with fear that they made no effort to arrest the ruffians, who backed out and made their escape. The authorities were on their track next morning, and after a hard chase arrested them. They proved to be Joshua, George and Levi Tressler, aged respectively twenty-four, twenty-one and eighteen. They were lodged in jail.

Mlle. de Sortis.

The piquant and exquisite brunette whose portrait this week illustrates the beauty of the stage, is a young Florentine dancer of Mr. Mapleson's *corps de ballet*. She is a great favorite in all the Italian capitals as she is in Paris. Her American hit was accomplished last season and will, in all probability, be renewed this present year of grace.



FLUNG FROM THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

THE VICTIM OF A GATEMAN'S ALLEGED CARELESSNESS.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

Some Small Penny Peeps Into the Byways and Blind Alleys of the Metropolis.

MR. BERGH'S FRIENDSHIP FOR TURTLES.

It looked to the visitor to Fulton market as if the heavens had opened and rained down green turtles, all of them falling upon their backs. There were big turtles, little turtles and turtles of medium size.

"Jonathan," exclaimed Fish Commissioner Blackford to one of his subordinates, "have the turtles all got their pillows?"

"Nearly all," replied Jonathan.

"Well, hurry up and see that every one gets a pillow. I don't want Bergh coming fooling around here."



Mr. Bergh and the turtle.

As Jonathan hastened to place little bags of salt under the head of each of the turtles the reporter asked Mr. Blackford if the custom of providing pillows of salt for turtles was enforced by Mr. Bergh.

"Well, I should say so," replied the commissioner, "and he makes a regular nuisance of himself if he finds they are not furnished with pillows as soon as the Key West steamer lands them in the city."

A SUNDAY MORNING IN THE TOMBS.

The dull gray of a November morning rendered the somber court-room of the Tombs more dreary than usual the other morning. The motley assemblage of men and women from the slums of the city impatiently awaited the pleasure of his Majesty, the Judge. In the prisoner's pen a trio of forlorn "dudes" were prominent. One, whose necktie was striving vigorously to get over the bridge of his nose, had stopped at the half-way house, and kicking up a row, had received a bruised and blackened "peeper." Another, with but one cuff and a slit up the back of his light top-coat, held a blood stained handkerchief to his nasal organ. Pinned to the lapel of his mud-begrimed coat was the remnants of a badge. By his side, a rum-besotted wretch with the mug of a heeler, endeavored to console the disconsolate youth and his brothers in misfortune. Pinned also to his coat was a badge which he fondled affectionately.

Innumerable "drunks" were disposed of rapidly, and the ten-day house will ring with political discussion for the next fortnight. The forlorn, dilapidated dudes and their companions were then led forth and pleaded "Guilty" to the charge of "drunk and disorderly." Judge White took pity on the misguided youths and fined them \$5 and gave the "bum" a ten-days' residence behind the bars.

A pretty and refined girl of not more than eighteen was weeping at her inability to pay her fine, when the "old bum" who was going up for ten days stepped up, and, laying down a greasy and dilapidated greenback, said:

"Judge, it's all I've got; but yer can bet yer boots no purty girl like that can 'go up' when old Joe Slocum's got er dollar. I wouldn't er paid it for meself, but she's welcome."

"Joe, you are an old offender," said the Court, as the old rounder started back to the pen, "but I'll let you and the girl both off, but mind it don't occur again."

The girl dried her eyes, the old bum gave his pants



The Bum.

a hitch, and they left the court-room together, ideal specimens of two kinds of human depravity widely separated, but both paths meeting in the end.

BAD TIMES FOR RUSSIA.

A big man with a slouched hat and a cloak of the kind that you can muffle yourself in got on board of a Third Avenue horse-car at Second street, pulled a copy of *Freit* out of his pocket and began to read savagely.

"Are you a Nihilist?" asked a reporter.

"Yes," replied the man, speaking with a strong



The Socialist.

German accent. Then he looked around suspiciously, and, thrusting the paper into his pocket with an air of mystery, continued: "I've just got back from Russia. I tell you there's going to be a big time there soon. Six months—that's all the time the present government of Russia will last at the outside."

Say there are 500,000 office-holders in Russia," returned the reporter, "you'll have to kill half of them before the government is destroyed."

"We'll do it," said the Socialist.

"Say that four Nihilists get killed or caught before each office-holder is killed," pursued the reporter. That'll make 1,250,000 Nihilists to kill the 250,000 offi-e-holders. Are there enough Nihilists to go round?"

"Of course," replied the Socialist. "Besides, it won't take that many. One Nihilist can kill five men. That's what we calculate. One Socialist can overcome ten men," he added, with enthusiasm.

Just then a little conductor came up, with his cap over his left eye, and his wrench in his right hand. "Sa-ay," he began, sternly, "d'ye hear me? I'm talkin', I am. Yer can't smoke in my car. Put out that air segar or I'll fire ye off."

The Socialist started up fiercely, but caught sight of the painted eye of the conductor. Then he quailed, and meekly obeying, began to weave a plot for mixing dynamite with the small conductor's chewing-tobacco.

THE FEMALE DENTIST.

The country seems to be slowly but surely drifting into womanhood. If things continue to go as they have been going for the past two years, future grammarians will have a license for swearing that the world belongs to the feminine gender. Everybody's getting to be female. government offices, stenographic positions, attorneys, physicians, barbers, and woman,



The female dentist.

the glorious creation and embodiment of all that costs money, has at last stepped boldly into the dentist's office and offered to trade off \$100,000 worth of pain for fifty cents spot cash.

When a fellow goes to a female dentist, who carries a fair amount of sweet lips, pearly tooth, azure eye, peachy cheek and sylph-like form, it is hardly safe for a friend to suggest to him that it would be a good idea to hide behind an anesthetic, nine times out of ten he won't know what the word means and will accuse you of calling names, or else he will become suspicious that you have an idea that he isn't brave and couldn't set and have his lungs and several internal equipments extracted by a woman without making some large disturbance. Let the woman place her left arm around a fellow's head and a peculiar sensation is immediately brouched along his spine: she bends low down, her eye-lashes tickle the cheeks of her patient; the forceps steal into his yawning abyss, and in the excitement of the moment, he don't know whether she has kissed him or pulled his tooth. There isn't a fellow in Christendom who has got common sense, that will say that there is anything about laughing-gas that will knock the feeling so tototally out of a fellow's make-up as a girl's sleeve around his neck and her breath playing over his face. Woman may usurp man, but she is doing much to supplant misery with pleasure.

PLAYING IT FINE.

"A very little gin and a big lump of sugar, if you please."

And the venerable toper leaned over the bar and smiled politely at the man behind.

"Oh—a—ah—aw, just a trifle of hot water, if it ain't too much trouble," he added.

When the beverage was placed upon the bar the old man swallowed one-half of it and made faces as if it didn't agree with him.

"Would you mind filling it up with hot water?" he asked, sweetly.

In an instant the kettle was tilted over and the glass was full to the brim. The toper half emptied it again and shuddered.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "this is too weak. It reminds me of lemonade. Just make it a little stronger. Ah, there, that'll do."

The glass went up to the toper's lips charged with another contribution from the gin-bottle.

"A bit of sugar," gasped the drinker as he set down the glass. "Gimmie a bit of sugar to take the taste



Playing it fine.

out of my mouth. If you really don't mind giving away hot water I'd like a little."

"Get out of here, you old fox," shouted the bartender as he squirted seltzer water in his customer's eyes. "You work a half-hour's steady guzzling out of the house for ten cents every time."

OUTLAW BUZZARD'S SQUARE MEAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

To the northward and west ward of Honeybrook, a busy little Pennsylvania village, is the Welsh Mountain. In this mountain, during the past eighteen months, Abraham Buzzard, one of the notorious five brothers, who were sent to jail for varying terms of years some time ago, and one of the three "Buzzard Boys," who broke jail more than two years since, has made his home. His boon companion is a horse-thief and also a jail-breaker known as "One-eyed Frankfort," his proper name being William Frankfort, though he has a number of aliases. Since his escape from the jail at Lancaster and return to his old haunts about the Welsh Mountain, Abe Buzzard has been a conspicuous figure at several picnics, camp-meetings and festivals, and the people of the vicinity have woven quite a romance about him.

Not long ago he became hungry when within a short distance of the dwelling of a farmer named Lafferty. He at once made his way to the house, walked quietly inside, and the supper-table being laid and loaded, he placed his repeating rifle across his lap, after seating himself, and began to enjoy a substantial repast. Miss Lafferty, who was in the dining-room, was about to make her exit, when Mr. Buzzard, crouching placing his right hand on a pistol in his belt, invited her to remain. She did so, and says "he behaved like a perfect gentleman." He even went so far as to thank her for his supper, and said that if there was anything wrong with the victuals he would hold her accountable. After he had eaten all he wanted, Buzzard reloading his rifle and backed out of the house, his invariable custom when in a strange abode. Miss Lafferty last saw him going toward the mountain, and "felt sorry for the poor fellow!"

THE DUDES AND THE CHORUS GIRLS.

When the Ohio and Mississippi train from Cincinnati reached Louisville at twenty minutes to seven o'clock a few mornings since, six young men, red-faced, blue-eyed and penniless, stepped from the rear platform and made their way silently up Main street. Notwithstanding the chilling temperature, it was noticeable that none of the party wore overcoats. There was also a conspicuous absence of finger rings, watch-chains and scarf-pins. The names of the six young men are too well known to be mentioned. They had spent the Sabbath in Cincinnati.

When it became rumored late Saturday night that the members of the Alice Oates Ideal Comic Opera Company were not able to pay their board bill at the St. Cloud Hotel, there was a general rush for the chorus girls on the part of six very gaudy young gentlemen. The pretty chorus-singer was never known to refuse an offer. She accepts favors smilingly, as if they were justly hers by a divine right of inheritance. The matchless sweetness with which she says, "Oh, thank you, sir!" when assistance is proffered, has turned the head of many a simple dude and appealed to his generosity until his pocket-book had dwindled away like a man in the last stages of consumption. The average Louisville opera dude belongs distinctively to this class.

When the time arrived to leave the hotel Saturday night six members of the chorus were able to show receipts for a week's board and lodging. Six coupes and six polite young men were there to see them safely to the depot, if needs be to Cincinnati. Before the party left the hotel the bar was liberally patronized, and when the coupes rolled away the occupants were mellow with champagne. It would have been heartless to desert the girls at the depot; so reasoned the young men. Tickets were bought for Cincinnati, and the liberal-hearted admirers did not return until next morning.

THEIR LUCKY RIVAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Underneath all the glitter and tinsel of the ballet, there are many heart-burnings of which the public know but little. When the pretty favorite of the *jeuneuse dorée* skips lightly forward to pick up the bouquet that has been flung at her feet, there are always jealous rivals behind the scenes who view her success with anything but a friendly eye. They conceal their chagrin as best they may, but they would like to scratch somebody's face all the same—and that somebody is tolerably certain to be the fortunate receiver of the floral tribute.

WUN LUNG'S COLD BATH.

The Wetting Received by a Passaic Celestial and its Result.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Wun Lung has long been the boss laundryman of Passaic, N. J., and has cleaned the linen garments of the good people of that burg with more or less success. But a shadow has come over the spirit of his dream.

Since Hi Pi started an opposition shirt-rinsing establishment, Wun Lung and he make faces at each other when they pass by. It is said that Hi Pi put a job upon Lung, but, however that may be, Lung nibbled at the bait and was caught. Dionysius O'Guft is the strongest man in Passaic. He thinks nothing of lifting a barrel of flour with his teeth, and Wun had often watched his exhibitions of strength with eyes resembling a home-made pie that a Chicago girl has converted into a horseshoe. The boys told Lung that Hi turned up his nose at all stories regarding O'Guft's strength, and showed him a chance to ruin Hi financially.

"Me blettee Misse O'Guft stongest mallee in Slat!" ejaculated Wun, as he produced a wad of bills. An imaginary emissary of Hi's was present, and denied the assertion.

"Bet him that O'Guft can throw you across the canal," suggested one of the crowd.

The bet was made instantly, and "fl dolleys" of Wun's money and a counterfeit patent medicine ad, were placed in the hands of the stakeholder. One morning last week a crowd gathered on the bank of the canal to see the sport.

O'Guft stripped himself to the waist, shouldered Wun, took a short run, and landed Lung in the middle of the canal. The water was only about four feet deep, but Lung didn't know it.

"Hi yup! Me fuller wate! Bilingee life pleselver! Me drowned!" he gasped, as he came up.

He was finally pulled ashore, and tried to run home. They caught him, however, placed him across a barrel, and rolled him until his eyes bulged, and then told him he was ready for another trial.

"It's best two in three," said one of the sportsmen.

"No thye sum mol," he gasped; "bankee too fol 'closesee. Not smollee, smollee smollee, good smollee—" He suddenly caught sight of Hi Pi, whose mouth resembled a water main.

"Ki yi!" he ejaculated, as he sprang at Hi. "Me fightee you nose all blooddee! Me makee you eyesee all shoeblackee."

After Hi had dragged him through the dust until he was mud from head to feet he got up, buried himself in his pockets and cantered home, murmuring:

"I makee ticklee on Hi Pi fol long."

When Hi Pi arrived at his laundry he found that Wun had been there and cleaned himself up with the piles of immaculate linen on the shelves. On the counter was pinned a sheet of paper bearing the epitaph:

APRIL FOOLEE.

Then Hi Pi pulled himself together, so to speak, and vowed by the pigtails of the big joss that he would have "levengee!" He is going up and down Passaic with a flat-iron and a clothes-beater.

A DANDY ENCOUNTER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Early on the morning of Nov. 6, while the residents of White Plains, Westchester county, were soundly sleeping, four closed coaches drove rapidly through the village. When Woodlawn, a small hamlet on the outskirts of the town, was reached, the occupants of the coaches hastily alighted. They were a loud, "swell crowd," such as one sees at horse-races and walking matches. High silk hats and long plaid ulsters predominated. Four newly-turned posts were taken from one of the coaches, around which was tightly stretched a rope, which formed a square. Two men sprang over the ropes. When they went through other preliminaries, such as appointing a Wall street broker referee and choosing two seconds, it dawned upon those present that a fight was about to take place.

The contestants are not known to the sporting fraternity as pugilists, but are better known in upper town social circles as two promising young men. They are Joseph Kline and Harry Kendall. For some time past a bitter feeling has existed between these two men, and two weeks ago it was determined to "settle it" in true John Sullivan style. Both men had been in training, and it was evident from the first that the winner would have to do some "tall work" to pull through. Seven hard rounds were fought, and Kendall was completely knocked out. He was removed to his home in this city, his face a mass of bruises, while his chest resembled that of a tattooed man.

Throughout the entire fight not a bet was made and hardly a word was spoken except by the referee and seconds. It was said that the two young men were rival suitors for the hand of a young lady and had determined upon a fistie bout to settle who should pay her the attentions. This was denied by Kendall's friends, who claim it was merely a fight to see which was the better man.

HUGH J. O'BRIEN.

[With Portrait.]

Hugh J. O'Brien is a prominent Brooklyn artist, who, like Giotto, early showed the artistic talent which was born in him, and his rough sketches, when a boy, on the walls and other vacant spaces in the Rivett factory where he was employed soon attracted the attention of Mr. V. D. Upham, his employer, through whose efforts he was enabled to pass a course of study at the Cooper Union School of Design. He then entered the New York National Academy of Design, where he studied hard for two years, after which he became attached to the Brooklyn School of Design, where he carried off the first prize two successive years. His ability becoming recognized, and orders pouring in on him, he found it necessary to fit up a studio, which he did at the Brooklyn Institute.

For some time past his pencil has portrayed the features of noted sporting men, among whom are Prof. W. Clark, John L. Sullivan, John Dwyer, the late George Engeman and many others.

THE following extraordinary advertisement appears in a German newspaper: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectfully dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

A MURDEROUS MINER.

Frank Pareta Hurls His Beautiful Wife Into a Torrent.

Living just above the foothills and in the midst of the virgin pine forests of the Sierras are a class of industrious people little known to the world. They live an isolated, happy life far from the busy world, of which they know little and care less. These are the "shakemakers." They exist usually in couples, and make their home for the time being where the finest sugar-pine grows, and whence the products of their labor can be conveniently hauled away. They are a jolly, happy lot these "shakemakers" of the Sierras. They work at will, and by way of recreation divide their leisure time between deer and bear hunting and the nearest country store. The mode of making "shakes" or clapboards is simple. The tree felled is sawed into suitable lengths, and then is split into thin boards or "shakes" by means of a froe and a mallet. The "shakes" sell here in the mountains at \$4 to \$4.50 per thousand, and are always in demand.

A shakemaker's camp is one of the most picturesque scenes to be found on the coast, and the voluntary recluses who spend year after year in these mountain solitudes are the jolliest lot of bachelors on earth. A majority of this almost unknown race of men are old miners and young men from the foothill farms. Wild, brave, uneducated and kind-hearted, they include within their number hundreds of the best frontiersmen and the noblest types of manhood. While rambling among this hospitable class of men one evening, writes a correspondent, I suddenly came into a clearing on the mountain side, in the center of which stood a log-cabin of the most primitive character, upon the porch of which stood a smiling old man, who ventured the information, "This is 'Hungry Jim's' place." Before I could reply to this startling and incomprehensible announcement the old man added the following explanation:

"The shakemaker's call me 'Hungry Jim' just for fun; not that I don't have enough to eat, for if you stop at my place to night, as I hope you will, you will find Hungry Jim a good feeder."

His life is a romance, and a woman the cause of his financial ruin. Now he keeps a rendezvous for the Calaveras and Tuolumne shakemakers. It was "Jim," seated before a cheerful pine-knot fire which glowed brilliantly that keen frosty evening, who related the following interesting details of a recent tragedy and romance. The telegraph told a meager story of the crime which was committed last Fourth of July, but the romantic part of the affair remained untold. Said Jim:

"Did you notice a toll-gate down the mountain? A nice little white cottage near the bank of a creek? Yes. There is where my old mining pard, Frank Pareta, lived, and there in that creek is where he drowned his wife. Oh, she was a beauty, was Frank's wife. The handsomest Italian girl I ever saw. Frank went all the way to Italy to find and marry her, and now he has killed her. This is how it came about: Frank Pareta and I were working together several years in the mines down there at Angels Camp, and one day Frank said to me: 'Miguel, I am going to get married when I get money enough to buy that toll-road at Murphy's.' I laughed at him, and thought no more about it, as women were scarce about Angels, and Frank never mixed with them. But he saved all of his money, and in due time left the camp and went to Italy. In a few months he astonished the camp by returning with a young girl-wife, the handsomest woman we had ever seen.

"Frank was very proud of his prize and fairly worshipped her. He bought her everything she desired, dressed her gayly, decked her in jewelry and kept a girl to wait on her. He bought the toll-road for \$4,000 and built that pretty little cottage you see there. But the girl was not satisfied. She tired of her elderly husband, and looked with loving glances upon younger admirers. The husband was jealous, but he was kind and patient. She was capricious and abusive, but Frank held on in hopes of happier times. The toll-gate keeper had about \$1,200 buried in the cellar, and this hidden treasure he revealed to his pretty Italian wife, who secretly appropriated \$500, and with it went to San Andreas, the county seat, and applied for a divorce.

"Frank heard of the divorce business, but did not discover the loss of his \$500 until the morning of last Fourth of July. There was a celebration at Murphy's Camp, and Frank stayed at home to collect tolls. He went down to the cellar and discovered the loss of \$500. He called on his wife and accused her of the theft. At first she denied, but finally acknowledged that she had taken it, and defiantly announced that she intended to use it to obtain a divorce, and positively declined to give it up. Then the angry husband went out and walked up and down in front of the house. Then he went and gazed into the foaming mountain stream, which was swollen and deep. Then he went to the house and quietly and calmly invited his wife to take a little walk with him. She consented. The servant girl protested and warned the wife that her husband intended to kill her.

"The man and wife walked to the creek. There he seized her by the throat, and, after furiously strangling her, threw her body into the stream to see her drown. An old German living near witnessed the struggle and ran to the wife's assistance. He drew the half-drowned woman out of the water. The husband seized her again and plunged her once more into the torrent. The old German once more dragged the inanimate woman to the shore. Again the brutal husband threw her into the water and she floated down stream, from whence the old German pulled her lifeless form. When taken to the house the missing \$500 and \$150 more money was found sewed in her corset. She died with her coin."

"And what became of the murderer?"
"He is in the County Jail at San Andreas awaiting trial. He is as happy as a prince and sings merrily every day. Of course he will hang, and everybody in these regions will say, 'Well served.'"

MAKING THE FEATHERS FLY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The curiosities and freaks of nature in the Dime Museum, at Ninth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, were considerably shaken up Monday night after the placed closed by a fight between the tribes of Todas Indians and Afghanistan warriors. It appears that one of the Afghans sat down on the Indians' tent and mashed things. Then a Todas brave struck the of-

fender in the eye with a shoe, and in a few seconds the two bands had drawn up in line of battle and were making vigorous efforts to reduce the vitality of the enemy. It was a supreme moment for the combatants, but one of terror for the freaks. The fat woman yelled, the pink-eye Circassians howled, the wild men of Borneo shouted, while Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb ran for her life. The commotion brought Manager Campbell up stairs, who, with a few Sullivan-like blows, brought the warriors to a realization of the fact that they were in a civilized country.

CRAZED BY POLITICS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Col. Lendall Pratt, of Hyde Park, Queens county, worked hard to secure the election of Mr. Blaine throughout the late campaign. Although seventy-three years old, he did not spare himself, and day and night his sturdy figure could be seen all over the county. As election day drew near he became somewhat erratic, and his friends came to the conclusion that his reason had become impaired. The conflicting stories the following day about which candidate was elected seemed to unsettle his mind altogether, and he became violent. He threatened to kill his wife, to whom he had hitherto displayed the greatest affection, and it was considered dangerous for her to allow herself to remain alone with him. On Thursday, Nov. 6, he grew worse, and on Friday, his violent manner not having subsided, it was decided to put him in the county insane asylum at Mineola, from which his house is not half a mile.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 7 he quietly arose and dressed himself. His movements were so stealthy that they did not arouse the other lunatics. He went to the window, raised it, and seizing hold of the iron bars, began to tug at them. This noise aroused the other lunatics, and they sat up and looked at him. One of them, a lad of eighteen, jumped out of bed, and, shouting for an attendant, ran toward the door. Col. Pratt caught hold of him and threw him back. Then he glared at the other lunatics, and threatened to kill them if they made any outcry. Thoroughly cowed, they crouched down in their cots, and watched him with frightened eyes.

The madman went back to the window, and seizing the bars again, he tore them out of their sockets. He then took several blankets and threw them out of the window upon the slanting roof of the piazza, ten feet below. At this moment an attendant who had heard the cry for assistance appeared at the door. Col. Pratt turned and looked at him. The next instant he plunged head first through the window, carrying with him the sash. He struck on the slanting roof, and, rebounding, landed heavily on the ground, a distance in all of twenty feet. When Mr. Clement reached him he was dead. The fall had broken his neck.

PEEKSKILL'S SCARY SPOOK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Several women in Peekskill have recently been badly frightened by an unknown man. Miss Manie Frost, a seamstress in Col. Charles J. Wright's seminary, went to bed on last Monday night in the cottage adjoining the school building. She was suddenly awakened by some one pulling at the bedclothes. She screamed and the man made his escape out of the basement door, which had been left unlocked by a servant. Her screams awakened the other inmates of the cottage. No man could be found, and they decided that Miss Frost had been dreaming.

On the next evening while Tilly Mann, a laundress, was walking from the seminary to the cottage, a man grasped her about the waist and tried to lift her from the ground. Her screams compelled him to desist. She said he gave her a good hug and then pushed her from him and ran into the cottage.

Col. Wright armed himself with his double-barreled shotgun and searched the grounds, but was unable to find any one. On his way back to the seminary he told the girls to take in some clothes that were hanging on the line in the yard. When the girls reached the clothes-line a man suddenly sprang from behind a sheet and grabbed Hannah Lynch by the arm. She screamed, the other girls fled, and Hannah, after a struggle, wrested herself from the man's grasp.

The coachman rushed out to the yard, where he saw a man dressed in a long gray ulster and a black slouch hat. The two men looked at each other a moment, and then the coachman ran back into the house, followed by two stones that the man threw after him. The spook, or, more probably, lunatic, or someone representing him, was arrested last Wednesday.

AUGUST GREGORY.

[With Portrait.]

For some weeks the police have been hunting for a man who has been robbing the hotels of this city and Brooklyn. Complaint after complaint has been made to Inspector Byrnes by landlords that diamonds, watches, jewelry and other personal property had mysteriously disappeared from the rooms of guests. The thief did his work exceedingly well, not the slightest clew being left by which he might be run down. By clever detective work, however, he was finally arrested, and proved to be a young man named August Gregory. Several charges were made against him, and on his examination it was found that his thefts had been committed by crawling through the transoms of the doors of hotel apartments and, securing what plunder he could, making away with it. He was committed for the action of the Grand Jury. His robberies run up into the thousands.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

Now that the horseshoe, as a pretty symbol of good luck, forms so much a part of household decoration, it may not be amiss to say a word about its significance in the olden times. The horseshoe was anciently believed to be an effectual protection against witchcraft and witches, who could no more overcome the sanctity of its semicircular form than they could the movement of a stream which even the most powerful could not cross, if in the shape of a running brook, as witness the race of Tam O'Shanter, who, pursued by them, passed the keystone of the bridge himself, while the tail of his good mare, on the wrong side thereof, became the prey of the pursuing warlocks. We have seen the horseshoe nailed to the lintel of barns and masts of vessels, for a witch, mounted on her broomstick, might take it into her head to descend upon some unlucky craft, or she might call up the surging waves to engulf it, unless it were protected by this holy symbol. For a horse to cast a shoe was a bad omen when a gallant knight was about to start upon

some expedition; hence if a horse stumbling, which he would be sure to do if imperfectly shod, was unlucky. We do not in our day believe much in witches or bad signs, but everybody is pleased with the good luck implied in the finding of a horseshoe.

By an old Norman custom, which has been preserved to the present, the venerable castle at Oakham is plentifully bedecked with horseshoes. The Lords de Freres were in olden times entitled to demand from every baron on his first passing through the town a shoe from off one of his horse's feet. There are several shoes over 200 years old, the most notable being one given by Queen Elizabeth, one by George IV., and one by Queen Victoria. The Princess of Wales recently visited the town, and in conformity with the custom a gilt shoe with her name inscribed on it will be fastened to the castle wall. In our day it is not much to give a gilded horseshoe, as did the Princess of Wales, but it was a serious thing to an old knight, who giving direct from his horse's foot parted with his good luck.

CRIMINALS' HEADS.

One of the most ghastly sights in Munich is to be witnessed in the Anatomical Museum, on Schiller Strasse. It consists of the heads of persons who have been guillotined in Bavaria for a good many years back.

A correspondent writes: "I dropped into the museum yesterday and paid for my prurient curiosity by the loss of my appetite for the rest of the day. The museum contains a good many attractions, but these heads are the great drawing card. Nothing is said about them in the guide-books, and so the average tourist goes and comes without the slightest suspicion that so remarkable a spectacle is to be seen for a very small fee. The heads in question are just inside of the door, to the right as you enter. They are inclosed in rows of glass jars filled with alcohol. There are seven in a single row which are made more conspicuous than the rest for the reason, I suppose, that they are souvenirs of criminals who attempted some extraordinarily audacious thing, and therefore became specially celebrated. The eyes were all closed and the faces expressionless. I looked in vain for any that bespoke still, by facial distortion, the agony of dread which must have inspired the victim as he approached the instrument of his death. Not a few wore mustaches, but none beards, from which I infer that it is customary to shave the chin before execution. The eyes of over half the dead had been cut out.

"An examination of the places where the neck had been severed revealed skillful work on the part of the machine, as a rule. Some were as neatly cut as any apple that you halve to divide with a friend. One head had evidently belonged to a man with a short neck, as the amputation had taken place so close to the chin as to almost pare off its under surface. A few necks were very ragged where the knife had struck, as though the machine had bungled—necessitating more than one stroke. The heads of prisoners executed in Bavaria are thus publicly preserved for the warning of those who are disposed to be similarly lawless, and the bodies are turned over to the medical students for dissection."

A NOVEL ELECTION BET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The humors of an election, and more especially an election for President, are often found in the payment of the bets pending upon the result. One of the most amusing incidents of this sort occurred in a Massachusetts town Nov. 6. A noted sport of the town was an enthusiastic supporter of Gen. Butler, and felt so sanguine of the election of his favorite that he laid a wager with some of his customers that, in case of the "Widow's" failure, he would shave off half of his beard, don a Mother Hubbard dress, and draw through the town a wagon containing a keg of beer and who ever chose to get in and drink it. When the "Widow" was left on election day, the sport paid his bet like a little man, amid the shouts and laughter of the populace.

MME. DEL VASTO.

[With Portrait.]

Mme. Del Vasto, who was recently sentenced to State Prison for two years on a charge of selling obscene pictures, carried on one of the most notorious businesses ever brought to light by Mr. Comstock and his society. Not alone did she carry on the traffic of indecent picture-selling, but she kept a regular bureau, through which she made assignments with wealthy men and women moving in good circles of society, and, worst of all, lured children and young girls to her den to be ruined by libertines. Her sentence will be halled with satisfaction by thousands.

MEETING OF THE CHAMPIONS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The spirited drawing on our first page this week represents an event of more than ordinary interest in sporting circles. The meeting of John L. Sullivan and Alf. Greenfield in the office of the POLICE GAZETTE brought together two of the most noted pugilists of modern times, and when the two fistie giants shook hands with each other it was a spectacle that impressed those who witnessed it. It was the preliminary to other meetings that will take place in the near future, and possessed a great deal of significance.

GEORGE C. LEWIS.

[With Portrait.]

Geo. C. Lewis is wanted in Dayton, Ohio, on a charge of embezzlement, and \$300 is offered for his arrest. His age is thirty-six, and he is described as being about 5 feet 4 inches high, and weighs about 130 pounds. Has light, but rather sallow complexion, blue eyes, light hair, mustache and chin whiskers, slightly stooped-shouldered, scrofulous scar under right jaw, cupped scar on one temple, is of a restless and mercurial temperament.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

"HER father is nothing but a raiser of calves, anyway," remarked a young man, contemptuously, of a girl who had jilted him. "Yes," replied his companion, "I heard that he lifted you off the steps several times."

BEFORE THE BAR.

News and Gossip in the Liquor Trade.



WILLIAM HALL.

EVERY one on the great east side of New York city knows Brother Hall, whose headquarters are on the corner of Grand and Ridge streets. He is the leading light among the many statesmen who assemble around his place to settle the affairs of the nation. William Hall is indeed a self-made man; who has labored earnestly from early youth with a desire to become prominent among his fellow-men. This he has accomplished by hard study, for not only is Brother Hall a fine orator in his own language, but he can deliver a good address in German. In the recent election he made an excellent run for Congress against Sunset Cox. Brother Hall is the active president of the New York County Liquor Dealers' Association, and a prominent member of many other organizations in this city.

LOUIS FROULICH, the president of the German Liquor Dealers' Association, will soon open fire again on the prohibition spies in Brooklyn.

WILLIAM MORROW, late of Rudolph's, on Broadway, New York, is now the leading spirit of Lougran's big establishment, Brooklyn. Billy is full of King's county politics.

THE slur against "rum" by the Rev. Burchard cost the Republican party thousands of votes in every section of the Union. More proof for liberal views and laws on the liquor question.

WHERE are all the old-timed English chop-houses? They seem to have gone out with the last generation. They were comfortable and very cozy places, and we mourn their departure.

"HIGH LICENSE" is a new cry of the temperance cranks. They want the legislators which the liquor dealers have elected to raise a first-class license to \$500 per year—but they won't get "high license."

ALDERMAN THOMAS SHIELDS, of the Seventh ward, this city, is said to have won enough money to open another store, on the recent elections. The Alderman is a very lucky man in business and politics.

FOR the last thirty years the selling or exposing for sale of intoxicating liquor has been prohibited in the State of Vermont. But there are 426 places throughout the State where intoxicating liquors are more or less openly sold.

KANSAS seems to be crazy on the question of prohibition. At Canton, recently, the constable of the town shot a man because he dared to open a saloon, and next day the female fanatics poured his liquor into the street. This is not very temperate.

MR. P. J. FITZGERALD, of Troy, N. Y., the able president of the Liquor Dealers' State Association, is most active in his work with our representatives at Albany, by impressing them with the fact that the people of this State demand reform in the excise laws.

PETER P. MAHONEY, who has been elected to Congress from Brooklyn, is a liquor dealer on Columbia street in that city. The new Congressman will no doubt make his mark in the next House of Representatives, as he is a good speaker and a very handsome man.

THE female temperance crusaders and other crazy prohibitionists can do more real good work by saving the many women from the alarming use of opium and morphine, which has become so prevalent, than by their outcry against well-conducted saloons. Save the women from this evil, and cease your howl against alcohol until you have done this.

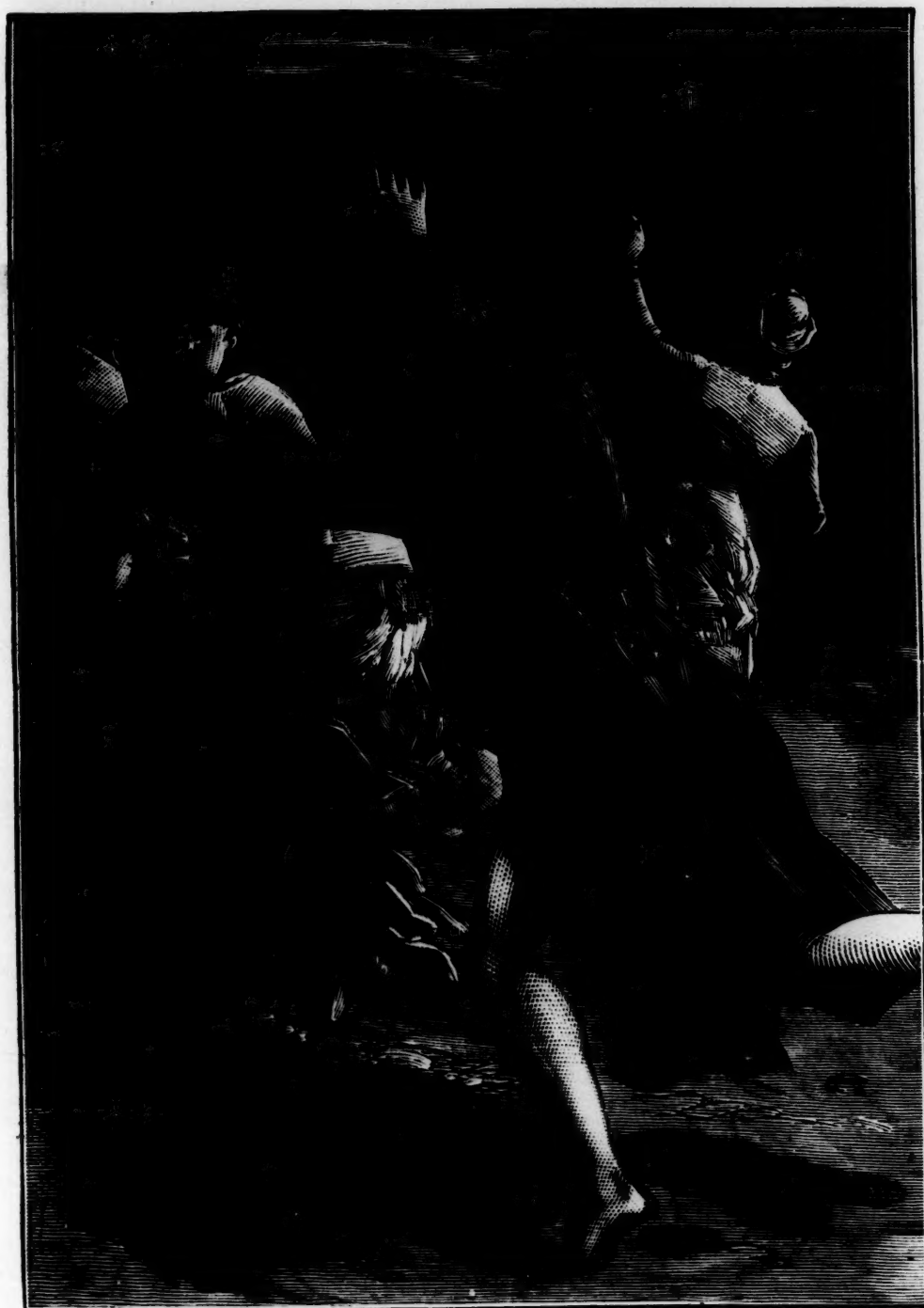
THE Williamsburgh sugar refiners do not favor prohibition tactics, but they buy beer by the keg and sell it at cost price to their workmen, most of whom are Germans who require their native beverage while at labor. Manufacturers are beginning to understand this fact. Men who are obliged to do hard, physical labor need some stimulating food, and there is none better than good beer for that purpose.

THE liquor dealers of this State demand the repeal of the Civil Damage Act, and the adoption of a fair, just and honest excise law. This law, which allows the relatives of any good-for-nothing loafer to bring a civil suit against a respectable dealer without first giving the said dealer proper notice of the loafer's condition and habits, is an outrage on all good citizens in the business. And the statesmen at Albany should see to its repeal—even for their own comfort.



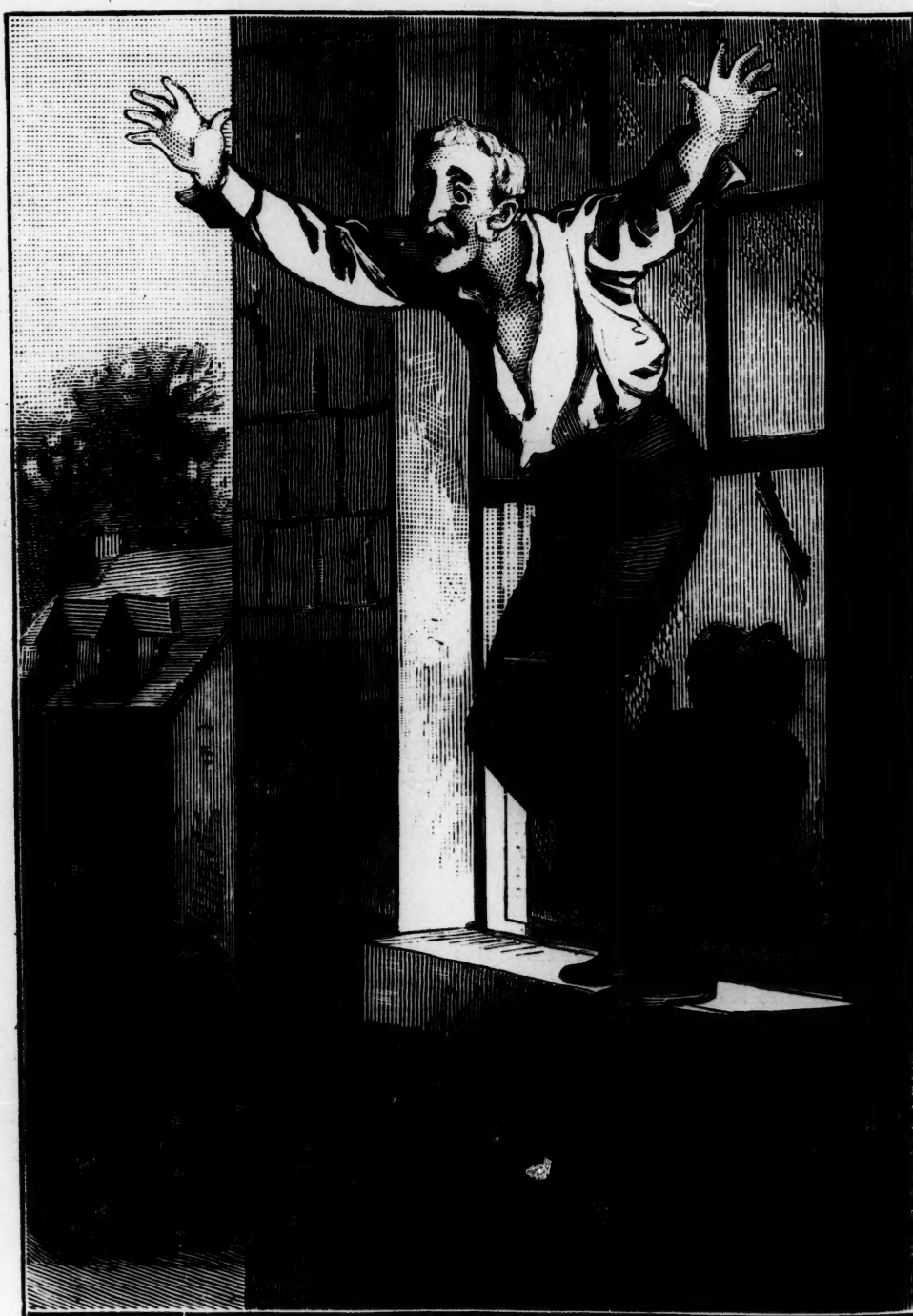
A NOVEL ELECTION BET.

HOW A MASSACHUSETTS SPORT PAID FOR THE NON-ELECTION OF WIDOW BUTLER.



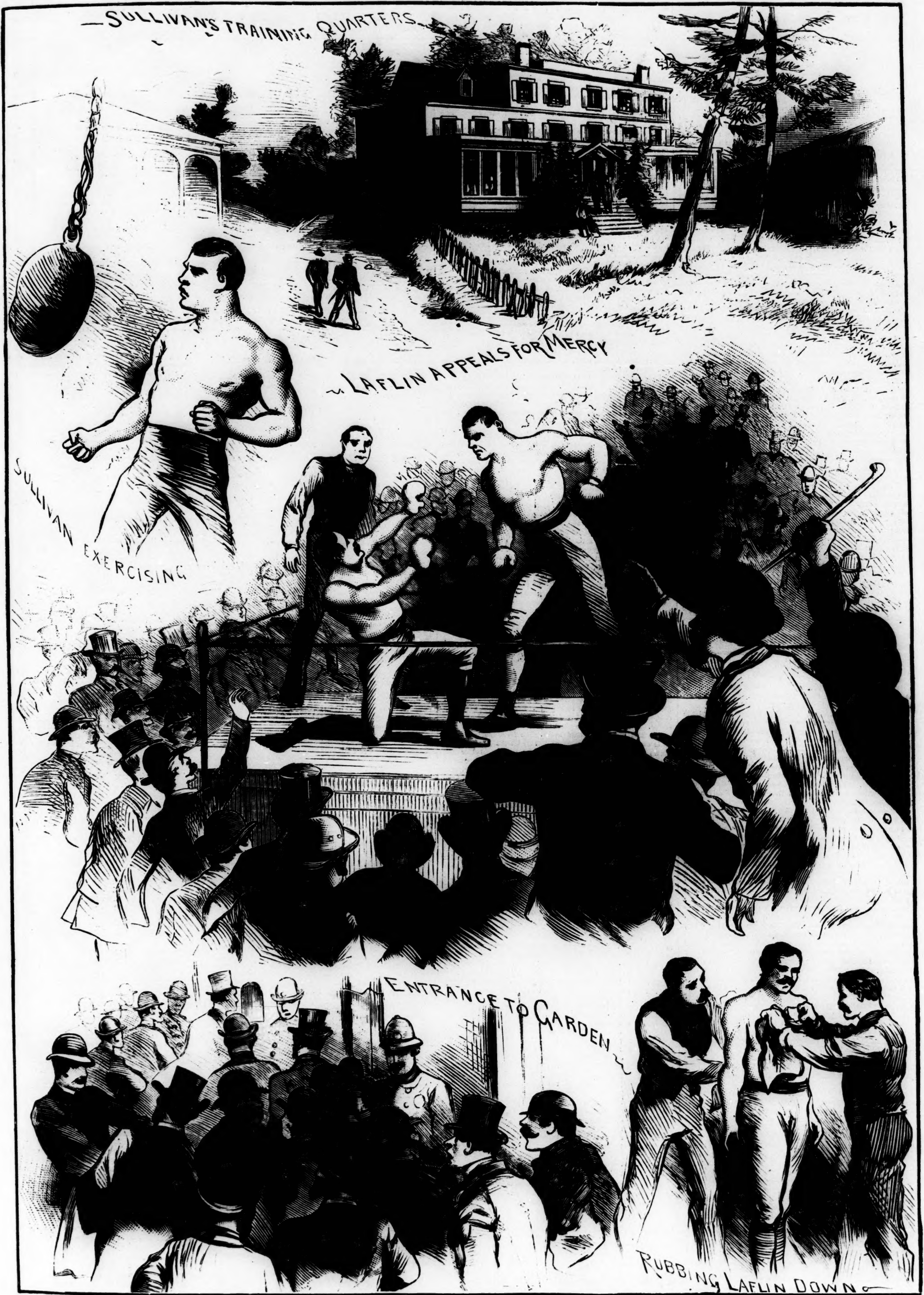
PEEKSKILL'S SCARY SPOOK.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WHICH FRIGHTENS THE GIRLS AND MYSTIFIES THE MEN.



CRAZED BY POLITICS.

LENDAL T, AN AGED LONG ISLANDER, KILLS HIMSELF WHILE IN A POLITICAL FRENZY.



SULLIVAN'S EASIEST KNOCK-OUT.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AND PROF. LAFLIN ENDS IGNOMINIOUSLY FOR THE LATTER.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Sullivan-Laffin Match, Together With Other Important Arenic Incidents.

The long-pending glove contest between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, and Prof. John H. Laffin, the well-known athlete, was decided at Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, Nov. 10. About 8,000 persons assembled to witness the contest, paying \$1 and \$2 for admission, and \$25 for private boxes. All classes of society were represented, from the millionaire to the shoeblack. There was the delicate dupe with his gentle bang; the heavy-mustached gambler, the haughty hotel clerk, the disfigured man about town, the vacant dry goods clerk, the savage prize-fighter. There were sad poetical faces, and practical countenances of betters, enthusiastic faces of speculators, and scared faces of swells who never saw a fight before and anticipated the slaughter of Laffin with dread. The spectators climbed upon each other's shoulders, and "shinned" up the pillars. Boys were perched in the gas brackets, and silver-headed canes obscured the dices behind them in the boxes around the floor.

Patrick Sheedy, of Chicago, Sullivan's new manager, and a great success in his new enterprise, had his hands full in handling the immense throng, and with the aid of Capt. Alexander Williams and one hundred tried and trusty blue-coats he was very successful. Among the prominent pugilists present were Paddy Ryan, of Chicago; Joe Coburn, Alf. Greenfield, the champion pugilist of Great Britain; Jack Burke, the Irish Lad; George Rooke, Pete McCoy, Dominick McCaffrey, George Seddon, Prof. Wm. Clark, Charley Norton, Mike Cleary, Joe Pendergast, Capt. James C. Daly, Charley Mitchell, Jimmy Mitchell, Tom Henry and a host of others. Among the sporting celebrities present were James Wakley, Barney Goodman, Tom Draper, Tom Gould, Billy Tracey, E. L. Kearney, Phil Dwyer, Ross McLaughlin, James Patterson, James Pilkington, Johnny Murphy, Cane Case and A. B. Huber. In the enclosure about the stage were seated County Clerk Keenan, Senator Murphy, Jack Hamilton, Robert Hilliard, R. F. Hamilton, John H. Starke, Jr., Robert G. Morris, Bryan McSwyn, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, Mark McDonald, Gen. Anson G. McCook, W. R. Gedney, Charles Grant, Thomas A. Edison, Judge H. A. Goldensleeve, Robert Struthers, John Turner, Tommy Doran, John Duff, Thomas F. Ryan, M. M. Gilliam, Capt. McDonald of the Eighth, precinct, and Capt. Killian of the Twenty-second, William Reimer, Billy Madden, Ed. Stokes, Sam Carpenter, the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, C. L. Davis, Hugh Coyle, Capt. Dashington Murphy, of Boston; Mike Sullivan, the champion's brother, and a host of others. Richard K. Fox, Herman Oelrichs, Wright, Sanford and Col. Jack Haverly occupied boxes.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when Billy Mahoney, the well-known Boston sporting man and ex-champion heavy weight, came upon the stage as master of ceremonies, and following came Joe Fowler and George Young, light weights, in full ring costume. Mahoney called "Time," and they went in it in lively style for three rounds. Keenan and Nary came next in a lively set-to. But Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy gave one of their liveliest exhibitions to the great delight of the audience. In the last of the three rounds Murphy knocked Kelly squarely down and fell upon him, a feat that brought down the house in a round of applause. The set-to was the liveliest ever witnessed in the garden. Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion, who stands thus far without an equal in his class, and Tommy Ferguson, a local boxer, gave a scientific slugging match for three rounds. George Taylor, the colored boxer of New York, and Pat McCaulan, also of this city, wound up the preliminary exhibitions in three rattling rounds.

At 10 o'clock Billy Mahoney appeared in the ring with Paddy Ryan, and after the crowd got through cheering, the former announced that Ryan would have a glove contest with Sullivan in January for all the net receipts. In a moment afterward Pat Sheedy announced Mike McDonald, of Chicago, as the referee agreed on for the big bill of the evening, and the gentleman named stepped on the stage and said:

"Capt. Williams has told me to get in between the two men if there is any trouble, but I shall let them fight it out. I don't want to interfere. They're too big for me."

There was a hum of voices near the entrance and applause when Laffin, followed by his seconds, Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, edged his way through the crowd and made a triumphant passage to and on the stage. They took the north-east corner. Laffin was dressed in tight and a close-fitting undershirt and looked well. Sullivan, accompanied by Patsy Sheppard and Prof. Dink, his trainers and seconds, followed quickly after his huge antagonist, and as he stepped under the ropes the great multitude arose and cheered lustily. He occupied the southwest corner.

James Wakley was announced as time-keeper for Sullivan and Mart Malone for Laffin.

Sullivan weighed 196 pounds. Laffin weighed 205, and stood 6 feet 2 inches, while Sullivan's height is only 5 feet 10½. Sullivan is twenty-six years of age and Laffin forty-two, though he was advertised as only thirty-six years.

After "time" for the first round was called the gladiators advanced to the center of the stage to shake hands. Laffin looked more scared than ever as they backed away from each other after the first formalities, but he put up his hands with the big gloves on and faced the champion. There was a holy calm for the moment that the men looked into each other's faces, and then a concerted shout from 8,000 throats as Sullivan rushed upon his prey. Laffin ran to meet him, and threw his arms about his opponent's neck, thus preventing him from striking, and clung there as if he had discovered a long-lost brother. Sullivan threw him about the stage, but failed to break his hold for an entire minute, during which the shouts and huzzes of the throng were pandemonium. Then the champion managed to release himself, and he struck Laffin a blow that knocked him into a corner and scattered his gore on to the spectators, and he followed it up with a terrible right-hander that brought the luckless professor to his knees. Sullivan sprang back and waited for Laffin to rise. He waited in vain. Laffin knelt before him, the blood streaming from his face, and the backers of both sprang into the ring, and Edwards assisted Laffin to rise.

In the Revised Queensberry rules, rule 6 says: "During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted, 10 seconds being allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the 3 minutes have expired, and if one man falls to come to the scratch in the 10 seconds is allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man."

By Laffin being assisted to rise by his seconds he lost the fight, and if Mike McDonald had not desired to allow the eight thousand spectators to see fun for their money, he would have decided Sullivan the winner then and there, but he did not do so.

In the second round Laffin, who had already hoisted signals of distress, attempted his first tactics, trying to clasp Sullivan around the neck, but the great master knocked him down twice more, and then he hurled him from the center of the stage to his corner by a single blow. He followed him up and struck him again and again, and Laffin only saved himself from falling by holding on to the ropes. On resuming the round Sullivan began to strike out right and left at once, and Laffin closed with him several times, holding him about the shoulders, so that the referee had to interfere and demand a "break." Laffin got in several hard knocks on Sullivan's body and face in close quarters, but the champion got his dander up once more and pounded his antagonist all over the ring unmercifully, raining the blows upon him so fast that he wobbled about on his feet like a drunken man and looked like a big, silly boy. "He's groggy," shouted several, while the crowd roared and yelled itself hoarse. Some declared that Laffin was "done up" and wouldn't be able to hold out, but he stuck to it, managing to get breathing spells by frequently clinching Sullivan, who finally knocked him down, and was so worked up over Laffin's tactics that he could not refrain from striking at him once as he fell on his knees.

Suddenly Sullivan broke away and got in two blows right and left which forced Laffin to the ropes, but following it up he received a thump on the head to which he responded by driving Laffin into his corner and knocking him down. Both men were sent to their corners. Sullivan was blowing a trifle, but seemed cool and composed. Laffin seemed utterly demoralized. His face was streaked with blood and covered with perspiration, and he staggered as he crossed the platform. His seconds worked with a will until "time" was called.

In the third round there was a storm of hisses as both staggered

weakly about, until Sullivan recovered himself and knocked Laffin down at the end of the round. He was a sorry-looking spectacle, as his trainers went for him with bottle, fan and towel, but they shoved him unwillingly into the ring at the end of his minute rest.

Laffin ran at Sullivan again to clasp his neck, and held him for a few seconds, when the champion knocked him down by a back-handed blow. The struggle to release himself told as before on Sullivan's wind, however, and when the professor rose they pounded each other weakly, and the great master chased the other about the ring. Then they faced each other for a moment, and Sullivan made one of his famous rushes and battered Laffin to the floor. Fortunately for the professor the round ended then, and his backers dragged him back to his chair and managed to get him on to his feet for the last round. He fell on Sullivan's neck again, and the referee pulled them apart, while the cheers and hisses arose in a wild storm.

In the fourth round after a couple of ineffectual blows the men clutched each other again and fought across the platform. Their heads were close together and the eyes of each were savagely fixed on the other's, while they puffed in each other's face and all the time laid on with their rights. Laffin seemed to have picked up nerve and strength. His blows told more and a cheer went up for him. But just then Sullivan got in a stiff blow alongside the ear, and as Laffin staggered, a bit groggy, he threw him down. After Laffin was assisted to his feet Sullivan landed a right-hander and got in three other blows in succession which staggered the other. At that he pressed Laffin to the ropes and held him over them. When they broke and met again Sullivan struck the most telling blows of the night. He knocked Laffin into a corner with such force that his body seemed to rebound and his head rung on the timbers as though it were cracked. He had to be lifted up, and quite groggy and helpless he was carried to his corner. Time was up, and the referee decided the fight in favor of Sullivan.

Laffin, after gasping for a moment, walked over to Sullivan's corner and shook hands with him. Laffin appeared from the commencement to lack confidence, and although he rallied at the second round and at times improved in his fighting, his blows made little impression on Sullivan. He generally closed when opportunity offered, and when he went down he took care to avail himself of the reprieve from punishment he enjoyed while he remained on his knees. It was claimed once that he stuck to this posture 16 seconds instead of the allotted 10, and took it to gain wind, when, according to Queensberry rules, he had no right to it.

After the contest Sullivan was escorted to his room, stripped and rubbed down with whiskey. He then drank a bottle of Apollinaris water, dressed, and with his friends took the elevated railroad to his training quarters. The receipts were \$7,560, expenses \$2,200. The contest was fought on its merits, and it gave every one satisfaction.

At St. Paul, Minn., on Nov. 7, the glove contest between Smith, an ex-policeman, and Patsy Cardiff, Parson Chas. E. Davies' champion, attracted a large crowd. According to the agreement Cardiff was to stop or knock out Smith in four rounds according to "Police Gazette" rules, or forfeit \$50. A large crowd assembled to witness the affair, and there was considerable speculation in regard to whether Cardiff would or would not knock Smith out. The question was soon settled by Chief of Police Clark refusing to allow the gloves Chas. E. Davies had provided to be used, but did not object to a pair as large as pillows. Parson Davies at once mounted the stage and made an explanation before the fight, and it was accepted with good grace by the large number of spectators present. After several set-backs between local and imported talent, the two men appeared. As is usually the case, some trouble was experienced in selecting a referee. After numerous names had been suggested, J. S. Barnes was agreed upon. Jerry Murphy acted as time-keeper. Stripped, there was a marked difference between the two sluggers. Cardiff looked the better man. He was several inches taller and five or six pounds heavier. He had an easy and graceful movement, and looked every inch the man he is said to be. Smith also stripped well, but his physical make-up fell decidedly short of that of his opponent. In science as well as in physique, Cardiff appeared to the better advantage. From the very opening of the first round it was evident there would be no knocking-out. Smith was evidently afraid of the man from Peoria, for he was very careful to keep out of his way as much as possible. This was, of course, his play, for the least chance he gave Cardiff of slugging him the longer he would stay in the fight. These tactics made Cardiff do all the fighting. He followed Smith all around the stage. Twice he had him cornered, but each time Smith sneaked away. This greatly displeased the crowd; and, for the time being, hissing was indulged in. Smith fought well, however, at close quarters, and probably then gave as good as he received. In open fighting he was badly worsted, Cardiff frequently hitting him several very hard blows. The large gloves, though, made execution impossible. Once Cardiff hit the St. Paul man square in the face, and the blow sounded as if a bladder had burst. From this it must not be understood that Smith failed to do any hitting. Three times he hit Cardiff in the face, and thrice as many times on the body. Smith's blows were, however, light, while those of Cardiff were made with a wickedness that boded no good to the ex-policeman. Smith's best open fighting was done in the third round. He got in a good one on Cardiff's cheek. The latter countered with his right, the hand going out like a rifle-ball. Fortunately for Smith he ducked, and the blow went whizzing harmlessly over his head. There were also some good exchanging done in the second round, Smith occasionally touching Cardiff, while the latter would come back at him with a vengeance, hitting hard when he did catch Smith napping. Taking all in all Barney made a fair showing, but he is in no way a match for the man from Peoria. He can only fight at close quarters, and when heated evinces a desire to grab his opponent. Neither was punished to any extent, nor was either much tired, when the referee called time at the end of the fourth round. Mr. Barnes rendered a decision that Smith had held his own; but the general impression was that he was a great way off in such a conclusion. While dressing, after the fight, Cardiff said he made no effort to knock Smith out, and simply fought as hard as he did to give the crowd present a good climax to the entertainment. He offered to give Smith \$100 if he would visit Chicago and stand before him four rounds in with small gloves. Place the two men in a 24-foot ring and Barney would not last the stipulated number of rounds. The other sparring done was between the Magahn boys, C. A. C. Smith and Jefferson, Meehan and Norton, and Thomas and Laggar.

Recently, at San Francisco, Pat Foley and Mike Brannan fought according to Revised Queensberry rules for a purse. Foley was seconded by Jack Howard and Tom Kelly, while Tom Walling and Tom Cleary acted in a like capacity for Brannan. After considerable talk, a half-dollar was tossed up to see whether Tom Nolan or Clarence Whistler should act as referee. The latter was successful. It was then announced by the time-keeper, Tom McDermott, that Brannan would not fight for the gate receipts, which only amounted to \$30. The hat was passed around and \$7.75 added. Brannan said he would not fight for anything under \$30, and the suspicion arose that Brannan was afraid to fight, so Tom Barry announced that he would make up the deficiency. The fighting was desperate for three rounds, when Brannan committed several fouls. The referee was about to decide Foley the winner on a foul, when Foley rushed at Brannan, who clinched and fastened his teeth in Foley's arm. At this point the crowd jumped in the ring and severely handled Brannan, and the fight terminated in favor of Foley amidst the utmost confusion.

A large crowd of the lovers of the manly art assembled at Harry Maynard's Sporting Palace, on Pine street, San Francisco, to witness a glove contest between Geo. Hamill, a new candidate for pugilistic honors, and Jack Howard, a well-known local boxer, the fight being for \$100 a side, to a finish. The conditions of the fight were 2-minute rounds, with 10 seconds to rise. Hamill went at Howard, striking him three times in the face before he had time to brace himself up to his work, which he did, only getting in one or two ineffectual blows. The first knock on Howard's head seemed to daze him, and he could not defend himself after it, falling flat several times as the other slugged him round after blow upon his face and neck. Before the first round was over Howard had been pushed to the ropes twice, and the last time withdrew from the ring, the fight lasting only a minute and a half.

John Knifton, the 81-tonner, who recently defeated Jack Massey and Wolf Benoit in England, now claims the championship of England. In the *Sporting Life*, London, Knifton publishes a challenge to fight Greenfield for the championship of England. Greenfield says: "I will not knif Knifton in any style he thinks proper, and for any sum he likes to name. If Knifton intends to keep his promise and visit America, I will blind myself to meet him under any circumstances."

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

Some of the Shadows Before Which Are Cast By Coming Events.

Jimmy Murray, the pugilist, has been engaged to box at John J. Flynn's Old House at Home, 103 Bowers.

In England there is a pugilist who boasts of the name of John Sullivan. He is no comparison, however, to John L. Sullivan.

Patsy Hogan, the noted sporting man, is doing a splendid business at the Elk theatre and "Police Gazette" sporting house, San Francisco.

The match between Mervine Thompson and Capt. James C. Daly is "off," owing to a flare up between Thompson and his backer, Duncan C. Ross.

The boxing competition promoted by Con Griffith for 118-pound pugilists, at the Rodney Arms, Borough, Eng., was a grand success, and Jack Whitley won the first prize.

W. (Funch) Gallagher, the well-known English pugilist, was tendered a benefit Monday, Nov. 3, at the Builders' Arms, King's road, Chelsea, Eng. It is reported Gallagher is coming to America.

The "Pacific Life" says: "A telegram has been received in this city from Jack Keenan, now in Omaha, offering to fight any 125-pound man on the Pacific Coast for any amount." Jack Keenan is living in this city and is not in Omaha.

Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke are to meet again in the arena on Nov. 24 and box eight rounds according to Queensberry rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five percent of the gate receipts. Madison Square Garden has been engaged for the contest.

Alf. Greenfield, the champion pugilist of Great Britain, has made a host of friends since a rival in this country. Nearly every sporting man says Greenfield is gentlemanly, modest and unassuming. Greenfield does not say he can conquer any one, but he is willing to meet all comers.

Boston sporting men are trying to arrange a glove contest between La Blanche, the Marine, of Boston, and Jack Dempsey. The latter is willing to meet the great Boston pugilist, but his friends advise him not to do so unless La Blanche agrees to fight at Dempsey's weight, 133 pounds.

None of the pugilists have, as yet, agreed to box or fight Jack Dempsey for the light-weight championship. Dempsey's money still lays at this office, and the challenge recently issued by Gus Tuthill to match Dempsey to fight any man in the world at 133 pounds is still open for any pugilist to accept.

John H. Clark's first heavy-weight boxing tournament for the heavy-weight championship of America, \$250 prizes in cash and a handsome gold medal valued at \$100, will take place on Monday, Dec. 1, ending Saturday, Dec. 6. The tournament will be conducted under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria pugilist, is still gaining little glory in the West. Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, is certain his champion can whip Greenfield, Mitchell or Burke in an 8-round glove contest. Davies should bring his champion East, then it can be decided just how great a pugilist Cardiff is.

Tom Hill's (the English amateur champion pugilist) proposed visit to this country turned out to be nothing more than a flimsy to gain notoriety. His promised visit to New York is shelved in consequence. It is said, of an injury to his right arm, but really from an inability to gain sufficient to pay expenses of the trip.

Joe Goss, better known as Morris Andrew in England, still keeps the Saracen's Head, in Lagrange street, Boston. The once great pugilist is not enjoying the best of health. The punishment he has from time to time received in his many fist encounters is beginning to come against him. Goss is very popular in Boston, and doing a thriving business.

James Gibbons, the champion middle-weight pugilist of New Jersey, and who resides at Paterson, and keeps the Athletic at 84 Pine street, offers to arrange a match to box Billy Phillips, of Paterson, four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse, and will meet the latter to arrange a match any time Phillips will put up a forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

The challenge recently issued by Arthur Chambers, the boniface of the Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, to match Jimmy Mitchell against any of the light-weight pugilists, has not yet met with a response. One would think that all the light weights are afraid to meet Dempsey or Mitchell, who are eager to fight any of the pugilists at stipulated weight for a good round sum.

Charley Mitchell claims to be the champion pugilist of England. Alf. Greenfield, who recently arrived from Old England, claims Mitchell is not the champion but that he holds that title. Now it is a question of veracity between Mitchell and Greenfield, and the only way to settle the matter is for Greenfield and Mitchell to meet in the orthodox 24-foot ring. Greenfield is willing.

Davenport, the Black, and Arthur Cooper fought recently in a sporting ring in London, Eng., for a purse. The match turned out particularly close and exciting, the superior length of reach of the black enabling him to keep his more clever opponent at work the whole time, and at the end of the fourth round the referee, being unable to separate them, ordered another round. This proved quite as close as the previous ones, and the chances being so even it was declared a draw.

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I, the undersigned, do hereby challenge John J. Duffy, of Fall River, Mass., to wrestle me best two out of three falls, collar-and-elbow, in jackets, for \$100 a side, in any suitable hall in this city or Fall River. Man and money can be found at Frank White's Champions' Rest, 283 Bowers, corner Houston street.

JOHN MURRAY,

Champion light weight of St. Albans, Vt.

J. W. Murphy, the noted sporting man and boniface of Murphy's Exchange, 403 Larimer street, Denver, Col., writes: "I will back John P. Clow, the middle-weight champion of Colorado and holder of the 'Police Gazette' medal, against any man in the State, at 160 pounds, for from \$500 to \$1,000, with gloves or without. Clow has been matched ten times since Nov. 15, 1882, when he met C. H. formerly of Pittsburgh, at West Turner Hall, this city, and won in seventeen rounds, Queensberry rules. Of the ten matches Clow lost two on questionable decisions of the referee, he having 'beaten' his man on both occasions. In April, 1883, in this city, Clow stood four rounds, with soft gloves, against Dominick McCaffrey, who failed to knock him out in that time."

The glove contest between Billy Hamilton, of San Jose, and Martin Murphy, of this city, in which so much interest has been manifested for several weeks past, came off at Jack Hallinan's headquarters on Market street, San Francisco, recently. Tom Nolan was chosen referee, and M. Baker and Jack Maynard, time-keepers. From the first the fight commenced in dead earnest, both men seemingly anxious to knock the other out at short notice. Nine desperate rounds were fought, and in the last round Hamilton rushed in and opened the fight. Murphy went down from a right-hander, and, getting on his feet, made a feeble defense, when he was again sent down. Getting up again, he was forced to the ropes, when two more blows finished the fight by his being clean knocked outside the ropes.

No one, to spend half a day with John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, would for a moment believe the many reports circulated by his enemies that his star as champion is set. Sullivan was visited by the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE at his training quarters, at Monico Villa, One Hundred and Forty-sixth street, New York. He witnessed the champion go through his training, and came to the conclusion

that it will be some time before any pugilist wins the championship while he desires to defend it. Sullivan was twenty-six years of age on Oct. 15, 1884. He is not afflicted with any ailment. He is able to fight the bag for half an hour without being exhausted, and then sit down and knock out a porterhouse steak with other side-dishes with a voraciousness that would make a plowman blush.

Alf. Garratt, the English pugilist who has fought several battles in England, is coming to America. Garratt was recently tendered a benefit at Mr. J. Harper's, the Market House tavern, Chapel street, Islington, when the large saloon was positively crammed. His brother professionals assembled in strong force, and some excellent boxing resulted, the chief exponents being Long v. Jack McDonough, Alec Munroe v. H. Matthews, T. Mallat v. Jem McCormack, the brothers Bob and Dan Feathers, Bill Jumper v. C. Smith (amateur), Tom Streeten v. Tommy Webb. The wind-up between Bill Tyson and Alf. Garratt was a most exciting bout. Peter Brislin and Bill Jumper shared the duties of M. C.

The Albion Boxing Club recently gave a boxing entertainment at the Albion, Mile End, London. Several prominent boxers in the amateur world worked hard on the committee to make the affair a success, the most prominent in this respect being Sam Hymans, T. G. Walker and P. Martin. The couples who engaged were as follows: Evans v. Eale, Griffiths v. Alf. Mason, Sam Hymans v. Owen Hannan, T. Avis v. Bird, T. G. Walker v. G. Walker, Corporal Welch v. Sam Rivett, H. Jacobs v. a friend, Masters Joe and Richard Farrell (the latter being only eleven years of age), Townson v. Smith, C. Bartlett (black) and J. Townsend, Jem Hall v. Miley Hall, G. Meale v. G. Razez, C. J. Roberts (Royal Victor A. C.) v. G. Lawrence (R. V. A. C.). The duties of M. C. were ably performed by Joe Farrell.

Cardiff, the Illinois pugilist who is creating such a furor by knocking out pugilists, is only twenty-one years of age, stands 6 feet in height and weighs 171 pounds. He knocked out Jem Goode, the great English middle weight who fought a draw with Jack Kilrain, of Boston, merely because the latter did not want to defeat him. He defeated James McCorney, of Chicago, a fellow weighing 200 pounds in condition and standing 6 feet 1 inches in his stockings. On Sept. 7, 1884, William Bradburn, a big Chicago butcher, offered to knock Cardiff out in four rounds or give him the entire receipts of the house. In three rounds Bradburn was knocked out himself. On Sept. 23, 1884, Cardiff fought Jack King with gloves at St. Louis, and would have won if the police had not stopped the contest.

At Harry Hill's theatre, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 6, Jack Dempsey and Tom Ferguson sparred four rounds for the "Police Gazette" champion gold medal, a beautifully-wrought trophy offered by Richard K. Fox to the best sparrer of the light weights. Ferguson was selected to box with Dempsey on account of his skill, and although the champion was awarded the emblem by Mr. Hill, who acted as referee, Ferguson displayed good science, and in the first three rounds divided the honors equally with his game and clever antagonist. In the last round Dempsey's long reach, cool tactics and ability to use both hand with equal skill, gave him the advantage. Dempsey is the larger and taller man of the two. Alf. Greenfield, the champion of the British prize ring, was present and acted as one of the time-keepers with William E. Harding. He was introduced to the audience, which comprised nearly all the leading athletes of the city, and met with a hearty reception.

The following articles of agreement between Billy Manning and Tom Kelly have been entered in at San Francisco: Articles of Agreement made this seventeenth (17th) day of October, 1884, between Tom Kelly, of San Francisco, and Billy Manning, of Manchester, Eng., to fight a glove contest to a finish according to Marquis of Queensberry rules for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side. The said contest shall take place on or between the 17th and 20th of November next in some hall in San Francisco. The terms of the match are that the winner shall take the stakes and seventy-five percent of the gate receipts and the loser twenty-five percent of the gate receipts after all expenses have been paid. It is further agreed that the referee shall be selected one day previous to the contest and shall be mutually agreed upon by both principals. The decision of the referee shall be final, and no appeal shall be taken. A deposit of \$50 a side as a forfeit is hereby deposited. A further deposit shall be made on Oct. 24, and the final deposit one week prior to the contest. It is further agreed that the final stakeholder shall be selected on the 24th of October.

(Signed)

TOM KELLY,

WM. MANNING.

Witnesses: Patsy Hogan and J. H. Peters, San Francisco, Oct. 17, 1884. Manning has also deposited \$100 as a forfeit to fight either Tom Walling or Billy Lynn for from \$250 to \$500 a side. He says he means business, and is willing to make a match to take place two weeks after his match with Kelly.

The Nottingham "Guardian," England, says: "The town which gave birth to Bendigo, and which has been justly renowned in connection with the rise and fall of pugilism, will shortly be represented in America by George Fryer, who goes across seas as an amateur, but is fully prepared to meet the best boxers that the Yankees can bring forward, be they gentlemen or professionals. Fryer, who made his debut in the Circus Buildings, at a benefit given to old Harry Paulson, when, although eighteen years of age, he met and performed creditably with Alf. Greenfield (the then champion of England), is twenty-four years of age, stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and when trained should scale about 12 stone 7 pound. He won the Marquis of Queensberry challenge cup of 50 guineas, open to all England, and competed for at Little Bridge in 1881, and there can be no doubt he will give a good account of himself on American soil. Since Fryer's intended journey was made public a number of his friends and admirers in the Lace Town have signified their intention of inviting him to a farewell banquet previous to his departure, and a committee of gentlemen interested in boxing has been formed for the purpose not only of carrying this idea into effect, but also of taking steps to insure him a suitable introduction and reception on his arrival in America. He will in all probability be accompanied on the trip by a well-known sporting gentleman in Nottingham, whose experience in pugilistic matters is by no means limited. Nov. 16 may be mentioned as the probable date of Fryer's departure, but this too great extent will depend upon the arrangement of certain business matters which at present engage his attention."

The Canadian "Sportsman" says: "Johnny Scholes was at New York down among the pugs. Being anxious for a talk the other night I ordered some-ut, and set myself to draw the genial John out. The task was not a difficult one, for the athletic and good-natured boniface was quite willing to post me on all that it was good I should know. He told me that he had left behind him an offer to spar four rounds, under Queensberry rules, with Sullivan, Mitchell, Burke, McCaffrey or Alf. Greenfield. He found the fraternity very eager after the main chance, but they would run no risk. For instance, Mitchell was willing to meet him, but he wanted a thousand down. Like most other people he has a great liking for a certainty. Of course John did not feel like planting down the ten hundred just for the pleasure of getting his belly punched, especially, I might remark, as he is a bit heavy in that region, and so things remain in statu quo. Still there is no knowing what the winter may bring forth, and it would not at all surprise me to see somebody make the venture on Scholes' behalf, and either bring the Englishman here to spar in the risk or the Grand Opera House, or take the Canadian to New York. Sullivan has a match on with Laffin, and will enter into no other negotiations until that engagement has been fulfilled. Laffin is a great big, powerful fellow, who some good judges—Arthur Chambers by way of example—expect to see get away with the Boston Boy, but Scholes does not think that way. Speaking of Burke and Mitchell, Johnny said—and he saw the contest—that it was as clever a set-to as he had ever witnessed, but Mitchell had rather the best of it. That McCaffrey business is still a good deal talked about, the general opinion being that the referee was led to decide in the Pittsburgh boy's favor simply because he thought owing to the cut over his eye, and the claret that was flowing, Mitchell was the most used up. But Billy Edwards admits that after the wind-up McCaffrey was most decidedly groggy. They are all striving for reputation, and the latter having got that will not run any risk by giving the Englishman another go until he has propped thereby. In the meantime Scholes is in the position of the pug who asked another of the slyest 'Why wouldn't you fight me? I never did anything to offend you.' He never offended any of the crowd except by having the presumption to want to face them. By way of showing his ability he offered to have a two round set-to with the poudorous Laffin, but the backers of that gentleman were too wily. They were afraid he'd give him a free away."

THE REFEREE.

His Opinions on Matters and Things in the Sporting World in General.

Pat Sheedy tells me that Sullivan is in splendid condition, and a large delegation is coming on from the Hub to see him box Greenfield.

Now Alf Greenfield has arrived, I think there will be a great boom in prize ring circles.

Greenfield's first contest will be with John L. Sullivan, at Madison Square Garden, on Monday evening, Nov. 17.

Both pugilists will attract a large crowd, and by Greenfield's performance with the great Sullivan I shall be able to form an opinion of Greenfield's cleverness.

I have just seen a letter from Wm. Elliott, the ex-champion carman of England.

He says he has retired from rowing and opened the American Mug, at Newcastle. Elliott was miles behind American oarsmen when he was in this country.

I understand Dominick McCaffrey says he will fight no one but Sullivan.

Now Keenan wants to match Kilrain against McCaffrey, while Madden is red-hot to put Charley Mitchell against the great Pittsburg pugilist.

Now, I think as McCaffrey will not arrange a match with Mitchell, why don't Madden cover James Keenan's \$500 and match Mitchell to box Kilrain?

I think Gus Tuthill's offer to match Jack Dempsey to fight any light-weight pugilist in America for \$1,000 to \$5,000 and the light-weight championship, will make some of the light weights who retired decide to again enter the arena.

Tuthill will put up \$5,000 sure for the undefeated Dempsey to battle for, and the amount will, no doubt, prove a load-stone for some of the pugilistic magnets to fight for.

Edwards, the Australian walker, and Vaughan, the English champion, are eager to compete in a six-day heel-and-toe walking match, but they cannot find any one to manage such a race.

It is my opinion that the star-trotting performers of the year were Harry Wilkes, Belle F. Clemmie G. and Catchfly, all of whom won their spurs in the past. The first-named has placed himself No. 1 on his sire's list, and has not yet reached his limit. Several years ago some who studied the subject asserted that the get of George Wilkes stopped at 2:21, basing the supposition upon the mark of Maybird not being beaten for some seasons. Since then the 2:20 line has been crossed by Joe Bunker, So So, Wilson and Rosa Wilkes, and later still by the speedy Harry, who has beaten 2:21 by 6 seconds, and the four-year-old Guy Wilkes. It is not safe to predict the future of any horse, as in these go-ahead times there is no telling what may happen. The system of late closing of entries resulted in giving the public better contests, and lent more variety to the programme. This was a measure long sought, and it would be wise to adhere to it in the future.

I think the result of the Cambridgeshire, ran on Oct. 21, worthy from more than one standpoint. Not only was the winner, Florence, the property of Mr. Hammond, who so recently won the Cesarewitch with St. Gatien, but it was the best performance from a weight-carrying standpoint, in the history of the race, as she had 1 pound more than Foxhall carried in his memorable victory of 1881.

To have beaten all previous Cesarewitches and Cambridgeshires with a pair of horses in a single season is as great a triumph for Mr. Hammond as to have divided the Derby. The winner, Florence, is a daughter of Wisdom, son of Blinkhoolie (by Etaplan) and Aline, by Stockwell. Florence's dam is Enigma, by the Rake (son of Wild Dayrell) and The Sphinx, by Newminster. Her Manchester cup race proved her nearly first-class.

By latest advices from England I learn that John Hammond, the owner of St. Gatien, estimates his net winnings on the turf during the present racing season at \$750,000. His winnings on the Derby alone were \$150,000, and those of the last two or three years amounted to \$400,000. He began his career on the turf as a stable-boy, next became a jockey and when he grew too heavy to ride became a tumbler. He pursued this calling until he became financially strong enough to be an investor on his own account. His career as a winner has been meteoric. He bought St. Gatien and Florence for \$5,000, and won more than ten times that amount with each animal. In this season capturing the Derby, the Manchester cup, the Ascot gold vase, the Cesarewitch and a dozen minor events.

John B. Thayer, Jr., one of the most successful members of the Philadelphia cricket team that visited Great Britain during the past summer, has just received from the renowned champion of English cricketers, Dr. W. G. Grace, a present of a bat, sent to him as a mark of the champion's regard and as a souvenir of the remarkable catch by which he disposed of Dr. Grace during the first inning of the match against the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire. The bat is one that the gigantic "W. G." has used in many of the classic matches of the season of 1884, and shows the marks of numerous battles at the wickets.

By latest advices from England I think that it is evident that in the bay colt Melton by Master Kildare, out of Violet Melrose, winner of the double event, the Middle Park plate and the Criterion stakes, Lord Hastings has a two-year-old of more than ordinary promise, and who is almost certain to be the winter favorite for the Derby.

Only three times has Melton's feat been rivaled, namely by Pero Gomez in '64, subsequently the winner of the St. Leger; by Prince Charlie in '71, who landed the Ten Thousand, and by Macbeth in '82, whose nominations for the great classical races became void owing to the death of his owner, W. S. Crawford.

While no victor of the Middle Park plate has ever captured the Derby, Thormanby in '59 and Lord Lyon in '66 are the only winners of the Criterion stakes that have done the trick, and yet each event is supposed to lead some clew to the probable hero of the Blue Ribbon.

Melton is entered for both the Derby and St. Leger, but not for the Guineas. He cannot, therefore, equal Lord Lyon's triple win, but he will have plenty of opportunity to stamp himself the best at three years as well as the foremost at two.

W. Squires, Hutchins, the famous sprint runner's brother, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement on Nov. 3 by Joe Aston. It appears Aston made arrangements with Hutchins and his brother, W. Squires, to take all the receipts if he would appear at Paine Park.

Alcantara's mark of 2:23 as a four-year-old was un-beaten for four years by any other son of George Wilkes until Guy Wilkes chipped 33 1/2 seconds off the record Oct. 12, 1884, in his match race with the five-year-old gelding Adair.

Now both the stallions are identical in breeding, the dam of both being by Mambrino, Patchen, George's best nick. The match was won in straight heats. Time—2:20 1/4, 2:20 1/4, 2:19 1/4. This is without question the best four-year-old stallion performance on record, and only surpassed by that of Jay-Eye-See, a gelding, in his race against Bronze, the last two heats in 2:19.

The total number of heats trotted during the circuit were 246 for the trotters and 73 for the pacers. The heats are apportioned as follows:

Pittsburg, 30 trotted and 8 paced; the fastest mile, 2:15 1/4, by Harry Wilkes and Catchfly. Cleveland, 29 trotted and

7 paced; fastest mile, 2:09 1/4, by Maud S. Buffalo, 37 trotted and 5 paced; fastest mile, 2:16 1/4, by Edwin Thorne and Phyllis.

Rochester, 33 trotted and 10 paced; fastest mile, 2:17 1/4, by Harry Wilkes. Utica, 34 trotted and 7 paced; fastest mile, 2:18 1/4, by Clemmie G. Hartford, 35 trotted and 5 paced; fastest mile, 2:15, by Maxey Cobb.

Springfield, 35 trotted and 13 paced; fastest mile, 2:15, by Harry Wilkes. Providence 32 trotted and 11 paced; fastest mile, 2:15 1/4, by Clemmie G. Albany, 33 trotted and 4 paced; fastest mile, 2:16 1/4, by Harry Wilkes. This is indeed a grand showing, and furnishes incontestable proof that the trotting and pacing interests are gaining in strength and magnitude year by year.

Minnie R., Commodore Kittson's pacer, was bred in Lyon county, Ky., and she was foaled in 1872. Her sire was a horse called John C. Brokenridge, who was advertised as a thoroughbred. The dam of Minnie R. was partly running bred, and while being used in the stud she went blind. As a trotter Minnie R. obtained a record of 2:19, and this year a single-harness pacing record of 2:16 was put up on her. Her running time record of 2:03 1/4 completes her history as a great variety performer.

After Richard K. Fox offered \$10,000 for Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See to trot for, Wm. E. Vanderbilt was well aware that he would either have to accept the proposition or back down, for the public were eager to see the question of supremacy settled. Vanderbilt knowing that excuses would be of no avail in a sporting sense decided to dispose of Maud S. rather than run any risk of the Queen being beaten or allowing the sporting public to claim he was afraid to allow Maud S. to trot against Jay-Eye-See.

It is my opinion that running and trotting all over the world is made up of surprises. This is partly attributable to natural causes and partly to the rapidity with which the racing is carried on, making it almost impossible for an ordinary race-garer to carry in his head the more meritorious performances of candidates who, in consequence, give way to horses whose more recent performances blind the eyes of backers, and they are rudely awakened when the race is over an outsider wins, and they recall to mind too late that the winner had, only a few weeks previous, run well enough to warrant his being backed on the present occasion. The defeats of favorites ought not, therefore, to be charged as being brought about by bookmakers unless there is ample proof of it.

It is my opinion that too much latitude has for some time been allowed jockeys to fritter away and waste valuable time, and the period has now arrived—and I speak advisedly—when a wholesome check must be put upon them, else they will find, and that, too, at no distant day, their occupation gone.

I think it must be admitted that to make trotting more popular than it is, strong measures will have to be used to cleanse or sweep clean away the many impurities with which it is at present infested.

Again, when darkness has come on, how frequently it happens that jockeys who ought to know better, and outwardly profess that all they require or wish is fair field and no favor, have been the first to break through the rules of fair trotting, and by hook or by crook, or perhaps, I should rather speak more plainly and say in the most dishonest manner, try to win a heat.

I have lately seen too much of unfair riding, and the sooner such attempted frauds are put down with a strong and impartial hand, the better it will be for all interested in the sport, whether as the owner of a competitor, a jockey, or simply as a spectator.

As far as I can understand, the objection against book-making raised in some quarters is that the system put a premium on the defeat of the supposed best horse in the race, while in pooling the object of these backing the favorite is to beat all the others. In plainer words, the metallicans do not want to know which horse might win, but which horse cannot or shall not win, and make their bets accordingly. Doubtless this seems an easy way to make millions, but any one can ascertain for himself that many of our cleverest bookmakers (some of whom pay out a great deal of money in the course of a season for what they call information, but which some might call bribery) are no better off at the end of the season than they were when the racing began.

The Cleveland Driving Park Association, having fully identified the mare that trotted at its autumn meeting under the name of Baby Mine, have expelled from all National Association tracks the black mare Minnie Moulton, alias "Baby Mine," the owner of the mare John Goodwin, of Lawrence, Mass., and Lewiston, Me., and the manager of the job—the man who really made the entries—L. B. Goodrich, of Bradford, Pa. The association has under consideration and investigation the cases of two other prominent trotting followers, and the probability is that their expulsion will follow. The evidence against Goodrich, who is a track manager of Bradford, Pa., is the clearest on record. It is held in reserve and not made public to serve an important use hereafter. Let no guilty man escape is the determination of the association.

In nine cases out of ten colic is the result of impaired digestive organs—the food runs into fermentation and involves carbonic acid gas.

In view of prevention, then, it becomes a matter of importance to know what are the causes of indigestion, and the most frequent may be said to be immoderate feeding—eating or drinking whatever disagrees with the stomach, either in regard to quantity or quality.

Stimulants of a sensitive nature are always indicated in the treatment of colic, for if the stomach be distended with a load of semi-putrid food, how can it be got rid of, except by the ordinary way when parts are in a healthy state?

The simpler the treatment the better. A dose composed of the following may be recommended, to be given from a bottle: Powdered grains of paradise, one teaspoonful; powdered caraway, one-half teaspoonful; oil of peppermint, twenty drops; slippery elm, one tablespoonful; hot water, one pint.

Also give injections of common soap-suds. Inflammation of the bowels is very apt to set in during an attack of colic from the use of spirits of oil of turpentine and other popular nostrums, and it is much to be deplored that so noble an animal as the horse should be made to undergo such torture as he is known to do from the administration of turpentine.

A few drops of the oil of peppermint or aniseed dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol and given as a drench in their gual or warm water are worth all the turpentine in the world for the cure of colic.

I understand Keen Jim, the trotter's, feet have been balanced by scientific shoeing, and that he is now trotting faster than ever. Recently on a three-quarter track he went a half-mile in 1:04 1/4, and a mile in 2:14 1/4.

George D. Noremoe, the famous pedestrian, has imposed upon himself a great task in pedestrianism.

He started on Nov. 3 at Middlethion Hall, in this city, to walk 51 miles each day for 100 days except Sundays.

Weston some time since in England walked 50 miles each day for 100 days, leaving out Sundays, and if Noremoe succeeds he will eclipse the performance of the American long-distance pedestrian pioneer.

I understand Dominick McCaffrey will open with his combination at Pittsburg. McCaffrey hails from the Smoky City, and he will no doubt not only meet with a great reception but have a large attendance at the box office.

I wonder what Wallace Ross's idea is in visiting England. It cannot be to arrange a boat-race with Lagan, Bubur or any of the English oarsmen. If such is Ross' intention he is going on a wild-goose chase, for rowing is dead in England, and it is my opinion that neither the Thames nor Tyne can boast of an oarsman able to defeat even Wallace Ross, who, by his defeat by Teemer and Haulan, can now only rate as third-class.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

A. E. T., City.—Yes.

F. H., Goshen, N. Y.—O. K.

E. McC., Little Falls, N. J.—Tinted.

D. J. B., Boston.—Time, 2:09 1/4, by Maud S.

R. M. H., Calhoun, Iowa.—See answer to W. L. E.

J. M., Brunswick, Ga.—He is alive and in good health.

D. R., Altoona, Pa.—James Elliott was born in Ireland.

H. L. B., Lake Mills, Wis.—April 5, 1885, St. Joseph, Mo.

F. H. M., Erlinton, Fla.—There is no such book published.

D. L., St. Louis, Mo.—Herault won the 2,000 guineas in 1864.

S. M., Fort Hope.—There is no champion pugilist in Canada.

CONSTANT READER, Harrisburg, Pa.—See answer to T. F. C.

P. N. B., Yoeke, Cal.—Send \$5 and we will send you the books.

D. L., San Diego, Cal.—Tom Hyer never fought John Morrissey.

M. C., Allentown, N. Y.—Write to the Army and Navy Journal.

L. D., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Collins, "Tag Wilson," was born in 1847.

A CORRESPONDENT.—He is playing in the Ruth Devotion Company.

D. J., Boston.—Sullivan weighed 193 lbs the day he fought Paddy Ryan.

JOHN LOCKWOOD, Man. Rate.—We do not sell any kind of photographs.

READER, Lynn, Mass.—Send 25 cents and we will send book with records.

D. A. H., Vincennes, Ind.—Send \$3 and we will furnish you with the book.

J. B., Baltimore.—A loose. Bob Brettle, the pugilist, did visit this country.

D. M., Glen Falls, N. Y.—Bonsetter fell dead at Pittsburg, Pa., July 13, 1881.

S. S., Cambridge, Mass.—Jack Randall fought 15 battles and won all of them.

SUMNERMAN, Wheeling, Va.—The Republicans did not have a majority in Ohio.

H. S. R., Napa City, Cal.—There is no record for the game you claim to excel in.

CONSTANT READER, St. Albans, Vt.—If the match is declared a draw neither wins.

A. L. M., Marion, Mo.—There is no record for horses running the distance you name.

M. H., New Orleans, La.—A. Jones. Ohio did not give the Republicans a majority.

G. H. S., Rainbow, Conn.—Yes, if he can accomplish such a feat, which is very doubtful.

D. L., Portland, Me.—James Elliott and Tom Allen never fought as opponents in the ring.

M. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—The Derby has been run since 1780. 2. It was first won by Diomed.

S. B., Alpena, Mich.—Send \$2.50 to this office and we will procure the books you require.

A READER, Canton, O.—B wins. The Republicans had a plurality and no majority in Ohio.

TONGUAT, Groton Pond, Vt.—1. He is dead. 2. Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Do not know terms.

R. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, was born in County Kildare and not in Dublin.

W. S., Raton, N. M.—Write to Harry Jennings, Broome street, near Center Market, New York City.

A SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore, Md.—Congress can pass such a bill, but the President has power to veto it.

L. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—The Pugilistic Benevolent Association in England was founded September, 1855.

READER POLICE GAZETTE, Troy, N. Y.—He was born in England. We recently published his picture and record.

B. B., Chicago, Ill.—In the intercollegiate rowing races at Saratoga, July 19, 1876, Cornell won all three races.

Z. S., Johnston, Pa.—Tom Hyer was forty-five years five months twenty-six days old when he died, June 28, 1864.

R. J. H., Detroit, Mich.—We cannot entertain your proposition. Ask some sporting man in your city to enter you.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Joe Wormald died at the Marine Hospital at Quebec, Can., May 26, 1871, of delirium tremens.

R. E., Harrisburg, Pa.—Napoleon III. was elected Emperor of France on Nov. 23, 1852. He was deposed Sept. 4, 1870.

M. M., Silverton, Col.—Nine and one-quarter seconds, made by George Seward in England, but the time is questionable.

N. H., Fernwood, Delaware County, Pa., and D. B., Fort Sully.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. He resides at Canton, Baltimore, Md.

B. F. N., Palo Alto, Pa.—1. Sullivan never knocked Mitchell senseless. 2. Greenfield was never in this country before.

L. B., Kansas City, Kan.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought first in Kenton and then in Boone county, Kentucky, Sept. 7, 1878.

W. M., Kansas City.—Richard K. Fox found the whole of the stakes for Paddy Ryan when the latter fought John L. Sullivan.

O. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Dan Donnelly died in Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 18, 1880. 2. He fought Cooper in 1815, and Oliver July 21, 1819.

A. W., Rochester, N. Y.—William Sexton was the winner of the Centennial billiard tournament, held at Philadelphia May 15, 1876.

A. B. W., Goshen, Ind.—1. The head-side of all colts is the one with the date on. 2. If the squirrel remains fixed to the spot. Yes.

A. O., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Jem Mace did return to England after he visited this country. 2. On his return he fought Joe Coburn.

D. D., Washington, D. C.—John C. Heenan was defeated by John Morrissey in 11 rounds, lasting 21m, at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 30, 1857.

C. W., Alexandria, Ind.—Joe Pendergast was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers are both natives of England.

A READER, New York City.—1. Billy Madden, 120 East Thirtieth street. 2. Prof. Walter Watson, Rochester House, Blocker street, New York.

P. S., Boston, Mass.—1. The distance of the French Derby course, at Chantilly, is 1 mile 4 furlongs. 2. Cremorne was the winner in 1872.

J. P., Charlotte, N. Y.—1. John L. Sullivan, the champion, was born Oct. 15, 1858. 2. John C. Heenan was not killed; he died a natural death.

L. D., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. L. E. Myers has never run 100 yards faster than 10s in public. 2. Seward's time is the best, 9 1/4s, but it is a doubtful record.

J. M., Little Rock.—Aaron Jones, the pugilist, died at Leavenworth, Ind., Feb. 16, 1869, and it was reported on good authority that he was poisoned.

H. B., Trenton, N. J.—1. Jack Rooke was born in Dundalk, Ireland, in 1833. 2. He died Nov. 25, 1881. 3. He stood 5 ft 10 1/2 in and weighed 154 lbs.

A. S., Cambridge.—1. Peter Croker, the pugilist, was born at Leicester, Eng. 2. He never fought Billy Edwards according to London prize ring rules.

A. D., Bordentown, N. J.—John M. Cannon's (the athlete) best lift with hands is 1,520 lbs. He accomplished the feat in Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1873.

S. E., Newcastle, Del.—Dan McMillan defeated Tom Nolan in the collar-and-elbow wrestling match at San Francisco, winning \$500, the stakes contended for.

S. B., Toronto, Canada.—Aaron Jones, the pugilist, died at Leavenworth, Ind., Feb. 16, 1869, and it was reported on good authority that he was poisoned.

B. D., Birmingham.—Yankee Sullivan and Hammer Lane fought Feb. 2, 1841, in England. Sullivan won in 19 rounds lasting 34m. Lane broke his arm.

A. A., Scranton, N. J.—1. Parole beat Jeonomy in the Newmarket handicap, at Newmarket Craven meeting, 1879. 2. Parole was six years old and carried 116 lbs.

W. J., Cleveland, Ohio.—Training for pugilism is almost the same as for pedestrianism, the object in both being principally to obtain additional wind and strength.

J. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—In 1860 Tom Sayers retired from the ring and gave up the champion's belt, after he fought John C. Heenan at Farnborough, April 17, 1860.

W. B., Georgetown, D. C.—1. Arthur Chambers and John H.

Clark only fought as opponents once in the ring. 2. Chambers won 3. Jem Mace was beaten by Pratt, Bob Brettle and Tom King.

S. E., Denver, Colo.—1. Jem Mace never fought Tom Sayers, neither did the latter and Joe Coburn fight. 2. Send for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring."

Z. C., Blackstone, D. T.—Bull-dogs average all weights, Pilot and Paddy, the champion dogs, owned by Charles Lloyd, better known as Cockney Charley, weighed 28 lbs.

Konkuck, Stonington.—In 1873, Jas. C. Cloud attempted to row from Philadelphia, Pa., to New Orleans, La., and died at Iberville Parish, La., from over-exertion, so it is claimed.

J. D., Morristown, N. J.—1. Tom Hyer before he retired had a standing challenge to fight any man in the world. 2. Bill Poole did win the rough-and-tumble fight with Morrissey.

A. O. S., Austin, Texas.—1. John McMahon stands 5 ft 10 1/2 in in height and weighs, in condition, 185 lbs. 2. H. M. Dufur stands 5 ft 11 1/2 in in height and weighs 180 lbs in condition.

H. F., Fort Custer, M. T.—There is no exception to the right of challenge. Any citizen's right of voting is subject to challenge, and he has the right in such case to swear his vote in.

H. O., San Francisco.—1. Bill Hayes and Mike Madden fought near Edinbridge, Eng., on July 17, 1849. 2. The battle lasted 6m 30s, and was the longest battle ever fought in England.

W. S., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Joe Coburn was sentenced to State Prison on March 8, 1877. 2. Matthew Moore never fought a prize fight with any one but George Rooke, whom he defeated.

R. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. At Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872, John Hatfield threw a ball 131 yards 1 ft 7 1/2 in, which was the best record. 2. Hatfield belonged to the Mutual baseball nine.

J. McD., Medicine Hat, N. W. T., D. C.—1. Sullivan defeated Flood on May 16, 1881. Eight rounds were fought which lasted 16m. 2. No. 339, issued March 22, 1884. 3. It is the same edition.

H. M., Cincinnati, O.—Ned O'Baldwin fought Andrew Marsden twice and lies in England, and Joe Wormald in America, the latter being broken up by the police at the end of the first round.

B. G., Algona, Mich.—Jack Harris was champion of England up to 1785, when Tom Johnston, the corner porter of Yorkshire, Eng., defeated him. Johnston stood 5 ft 9 in in height and weighed 196 lbs.

G. L., Chelsea, Mass.—1. Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought July 26, 1835, at Nottingham District, England. Caunt was decided the winner by Bendigo going down without a blow. 2. The fight lasted 1h 20m.

W. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Barrett ran three-quarters of a mile in 1m 16s. 2. At Monmouth Park, N. J., Aug. 14, 1880. 3. Ten Brook ran a mile in 1m 39 1/4s at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877, carrying 110 lbs.

E. J. H., Providence, R. I.—A wins. The steamer Pilgrim is the largest steamboat in the world. It is nearly 400 ft long and has the largest engine ever built. There are several steamboats larger than the Grand Republic.

D. M., Denver, Colo.—1. After Tom Sayers defeated the Tipton Blasher (Bill Perry), he was presented with the champion belt and stakes, \$400, at Nat. Langham's, Leicester, Eng., June 23, 1857. 2. The trophy was valued at £100.

B. S., Racine, Wis.—On May 30, 1837, James Burke and Sam O'Rourke fought near New Orleans, and the former was proclaimed the winner by general consent, but O'Rourke's Hibernian friends interfered and a general row ensued.

G. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Jemmy Massey, the pugilist, was born in Manchester, Eng., 1824. He stood 5 ft 3 in in height, and weighed 116 lbs. 2. Massey came to this country in 1859. 3. He died in Hamilton, Canada, Dec. 8, 1883.

S. B., Mount Vernon, Ind.—Barnum's museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, was destroyed by fire July 13, 1865. The museum afterward owned by Barnum on Broadway, near Spring street, N. Y., was burned March



MAKING THE FEATHERS FLY.

A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE IN A PHILADELPHIA DIME MUSEUM.



MME. DEL VASTO,

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN IN NEW YORK.



GEORGE C. LEWIS,

WANTED IN DAYTON, O., FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

notes given by Branscom were signed, to inquire if the note was genuine. The answer was a prompt negative. Monday Branscom was arrested by Detectives Haley, Ruland and Dilkes in the Stewart Building at Broadway and Chambers street. He acknowledged signing the note and his only regret was that he had not had a little more time to arrange his business.

Ross Lowers the British Flag.

Three months ago at Dundee, Can., in a contest with broad swords, Duncan Ross, of Cleveland, defeated Prof. McGregor, champion of Canada. Another contest between these men took place in Cleveland on the night of Nov. 9 in the Academy of Music. The stakes were \$1,000. Mayor Farley was the stakeholder. Ross weighed 205 pounds and McGregor 190



AUGUST GREGORY,

AN EXPERT HOTEL THIEF.



ALEX. C. BRANSCOM,

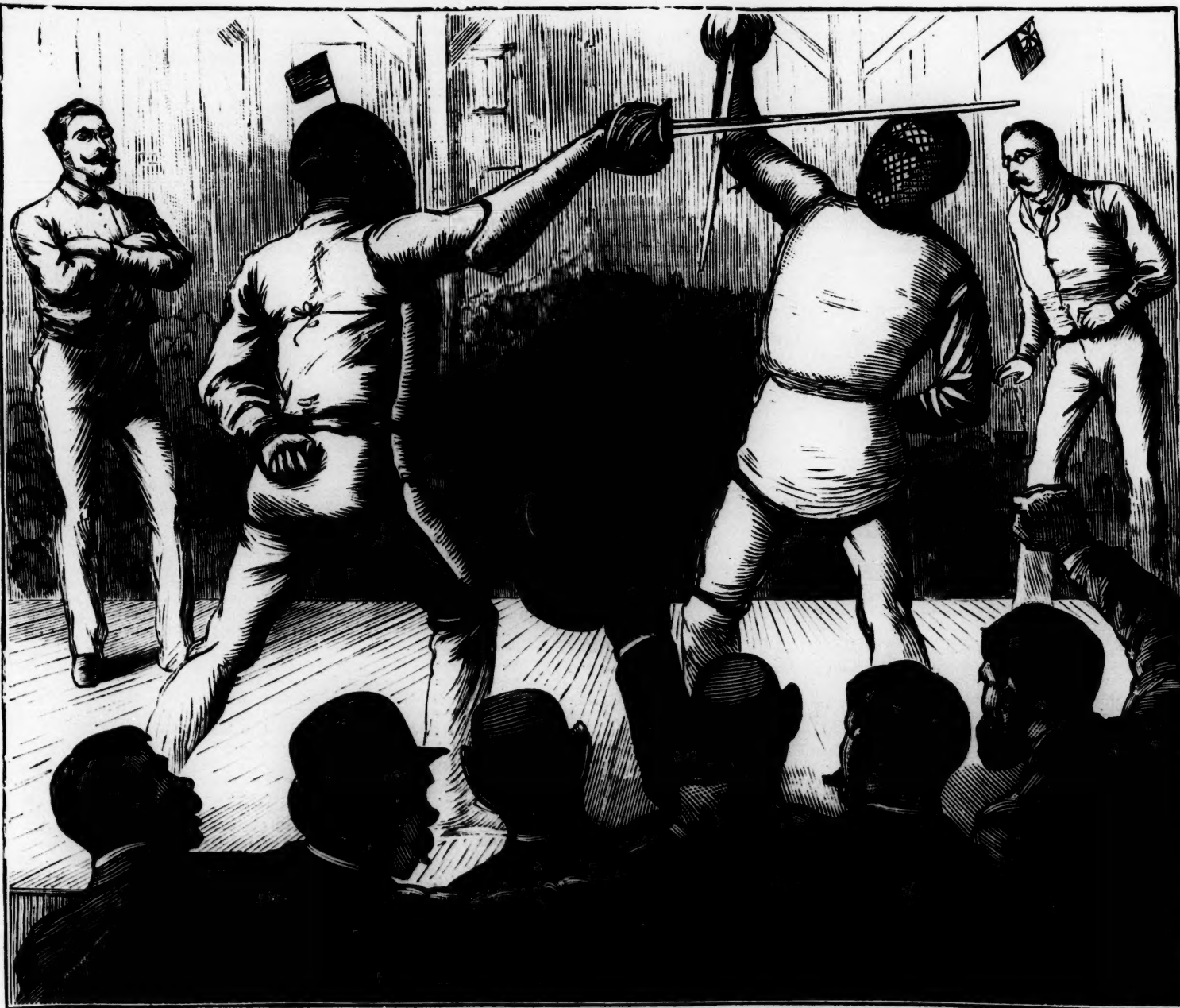
ACCUSED OF WHOLESALE FORGERY.

Alex. C. Branscom.

Alex. C. Branscom, of Virginia, who was arrested last week charged with forgery, was a skillful man in his particular line.

He proposed to issue two books about the coming New Orleans Exposition. One, entitled "Resources and Attractions of the South," was to be superbly bound and illustrated and sold for \$10 a copy. The other, a handsome guide-book, was to sell for 50 cents. The enterprising publisher provided himself with home-made letters of introduction bearing the names of many prominent gentlemen throughout the South. These credentials indorsed him and his little scheme. He went to various firms and ordered goods, for which he gave checks signed Col. E. Richardson, payable to Branscom's order and pocketed the change.

His next step was to make a contract with the American News Company by which they were to take 100,000 copies of the guide-book and pay Branscom \$25,000. They were to take 100,000 copies of the "Resources and Attractions," for which they were to pay \$50,000. These sums, with the \$36,000 for advertisements, were to net Mr. Branscom \$110,000. One of the firm became suspicious and consulted Inspector Byrnes. He examined the note for \$7,000 given to the firm and telegraphed to Col. Richardson, by whom all



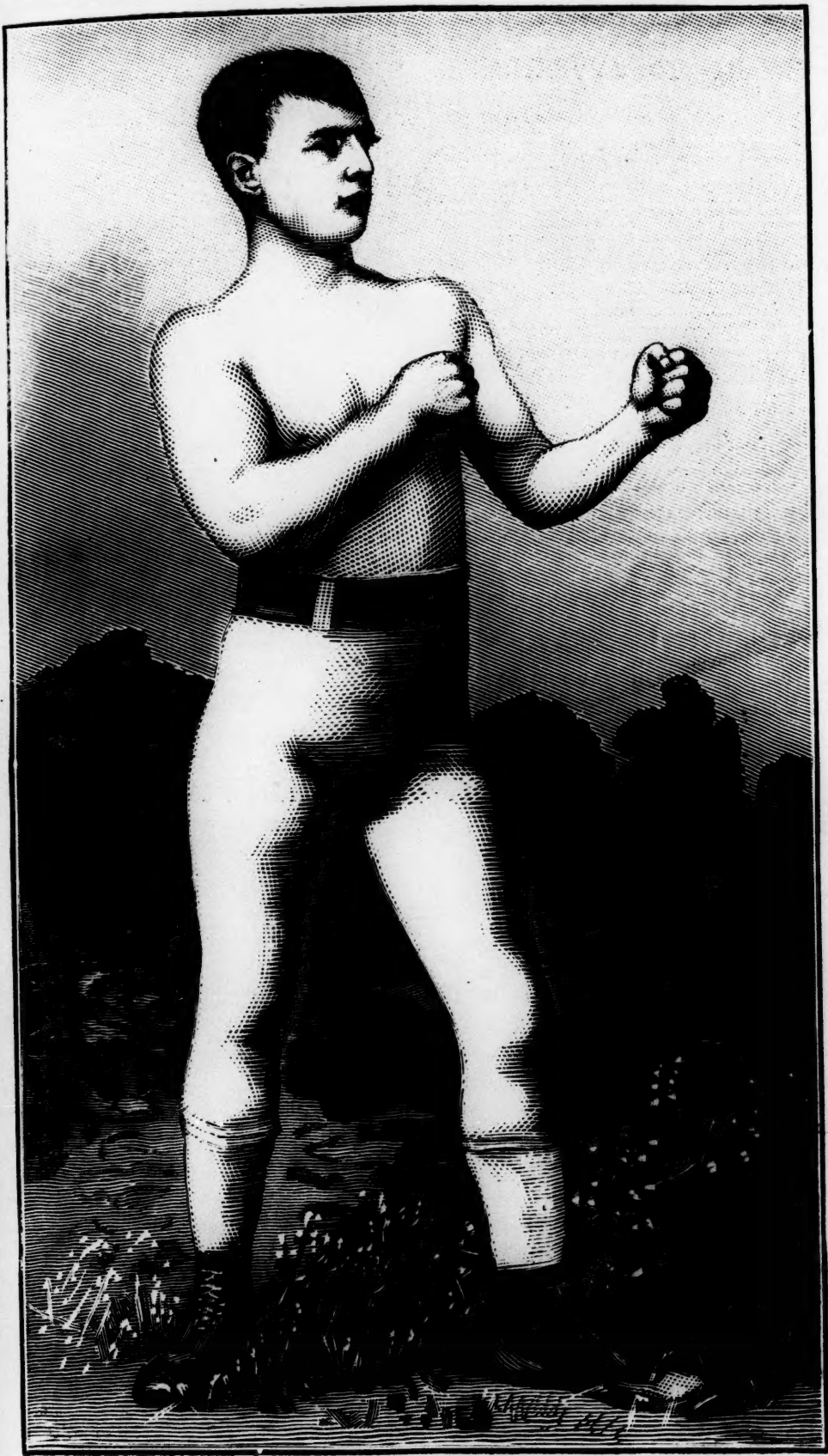
ROSS LOWERS THE BRITISH FLAG.

EXCITING SCENE AT A BROADSWORD CONTEST, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

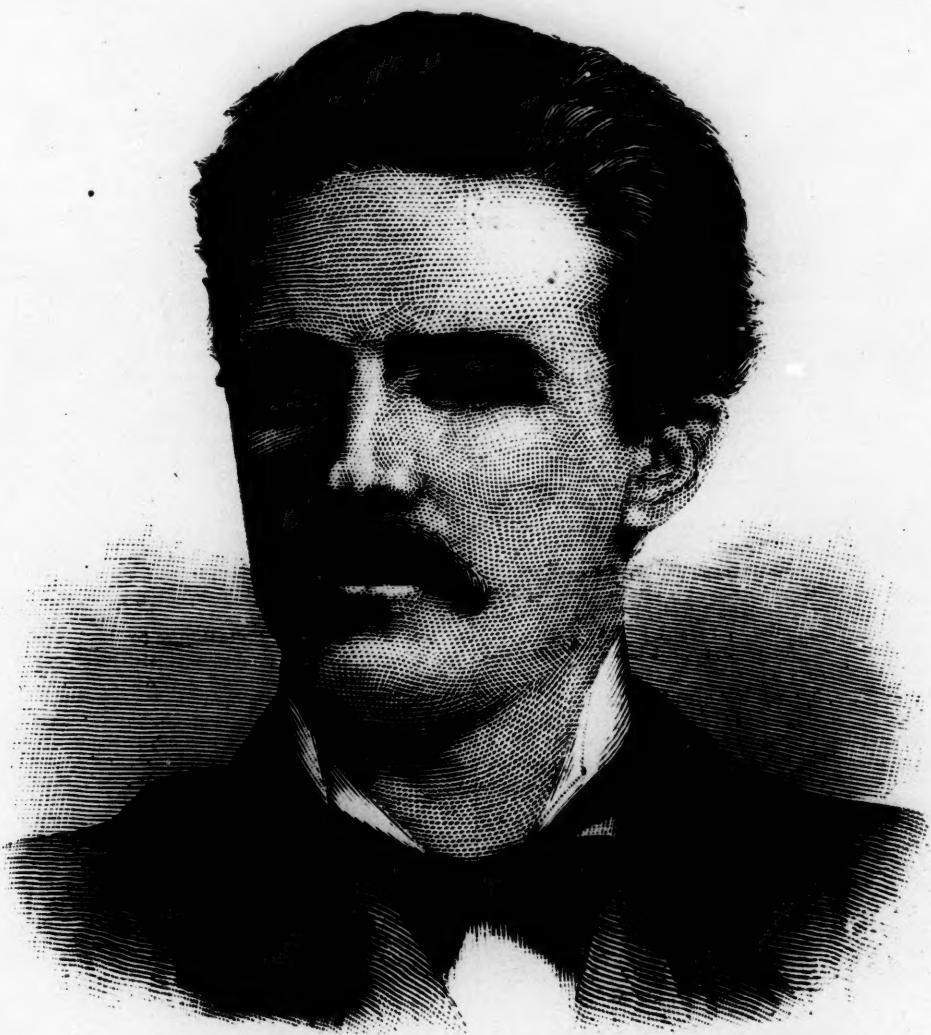
pounds. The men fought with broad swords, 36 inches in length. Over the mask worn by Ross floated the American flag. Over the mask worn by McGregor was the Union Jack. A number of Irishmen in the audience became angry at the sight of the British colors and yelled: "Take down the Union Jack!"

The men were well protected by coats of mail. The contest was for 20 points. Both men were to rest at the end of 10 points. T. J. Curry was judge for Ross and J. Rank for McGregor. Prof. Brand of Heidelberg College, Germany, was referee.

A majority of the first ten cuts were on the body. McGregor winning by one point. Neither of the men was disarmed. After a rest of 20 minutes the men faced each other at half-past nine. Ross made the first point by a heavy cut on the back, nearly knocking McGregor off his feet. McGregor followed with some scientific fencing, and scored 16 points to 14 for Ross. The excitement at this time was intense. Ross caught McGregor in the neck and knocked him down. McGregor claimed a foul, which was not allowed. Ross next secured a point by a cut on the breast and another on the side. The score now stood 18 to 16, and there was much bitterness between the two. Ross forced the work, and in 2 minutes secured two more points, winning the contest.



JAMES BURNS,
A PUGILIST WITH A GOOD RECORD.



HUGH J. O'BRIEN,
A WELL-KNOWN BROOKLYN ARTIST.

James Burns.

James Burns was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1866. He came here an infant, and has been a resident of Rochester, N. Y., ever since. His first fight was with Joe Ryan, of San Francisco, an iron-molder, twenty-seven years of age and weighing 35 pounds heavier. They fought twenty-three rounds in 42 minutes, when Ryan was knocked out; \$150 a side, fought at Ogden, Utah Territory. He next fought Mike McDermott for a purse, at Patsy Hogan's, San Francisco, and won in two rounds. He fought Geo. Crogan with hard gloves at Tucson, Arizona Territory, for \$100, eleven rounds. Next he sparred four rounds with Fred Zacker, of St. Louis, and won. He next visited Rochester and Syracuse and issued a challenge to fight any man in Central New York, but without getting an acceptance. At Rome, N. Y., he knocked out Jack Dunn in a soft-glove contest for a purse of \$25, three rounds. He arrived in this city several weeks ago, since which time he has fought and knocked out Jim McCormick, Bob

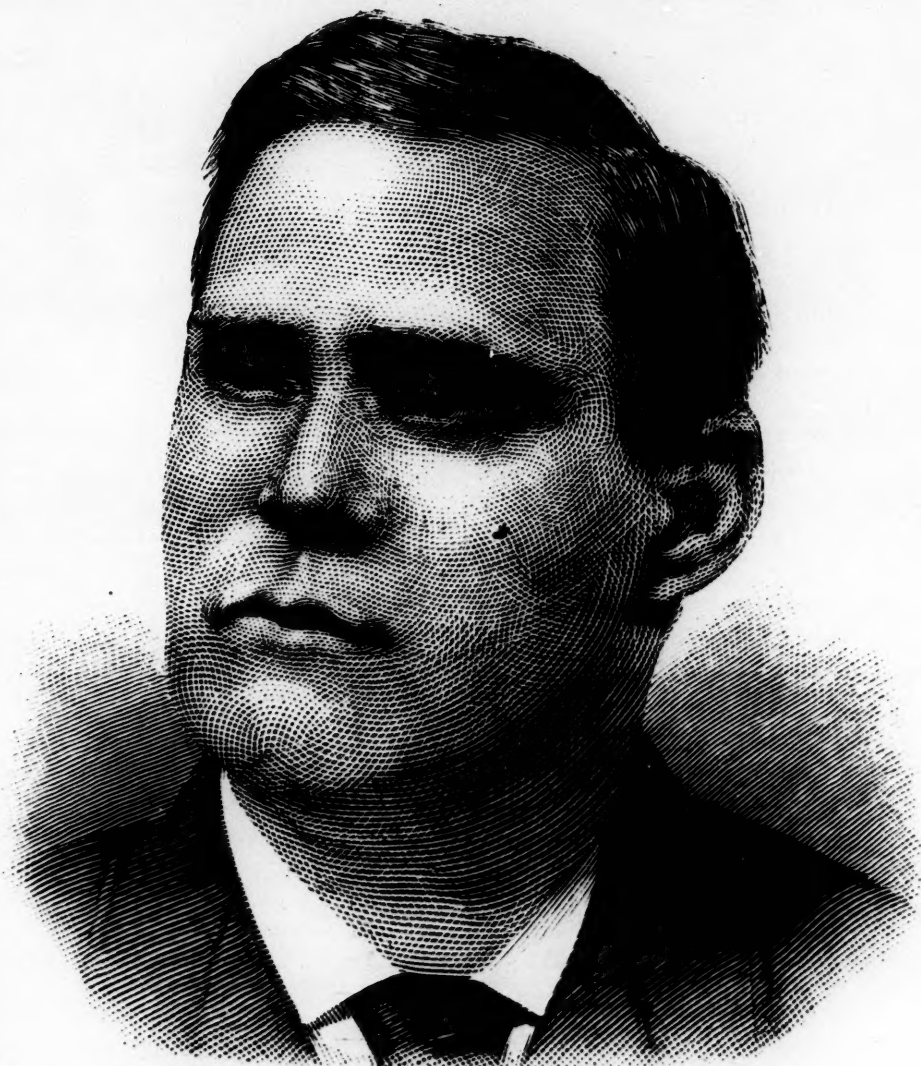
Smith's Unknown, who weighed 215 pounds and stood 6 feet 1 inch high, at John Flood's. He was knocked out in two rounds. Fought and beat Geo. McHugh for a purse of \$50 in a room in this city; five rounds. He is 5 feet 10 inches high, and in condition will weigh 158 pounds.

The Williams Brothers.

Frank and George Williams, the two little boys of Wm. H. Williams, secretary of the Chief of Police of St. Louis, whose portraits we present this week, have achieved no little fame as boxers. They sparred on two occasions when the John L. Sullivan combination was in St. Louis, and they are indorsed by several well-known experts.

John Flood.

John Flood, the boxer and proprietor of the Idaho saloon, Twenty-third street, this city, is well known in sporting circles. He is a boxer of more than ordinary skill and very popular.



JOHN FLOOD,
BOXER AND GENIAL BONTAGE.



THE WILLIAMS BOYS.
TWO BRIGHT YOUNG SPARRERS OF ST. LOUIS.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

★ The American Athletic Club will hold games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 6, at 8 P. M.

★ John Stuart, of 122 Attorney street, New York, says: "I will match Joe Clifton to box Dan Gavin 4 rounds, London prize ring rules, for \$5 or \$10 a side."

★ It was reported on Nov. 10 in this city that Charley Mitchell and Billy Madden had dissolved partnership. Madden now threatens to find a pugilist that can defeat Mitchell.

★ T. Bancroft, of Philadelphia, writes: "I will give P. J. Cannon 1½ yards in 120, and run in for \$100 or \$150 a side. I will also run Harry Lewis, level, 120 yards, for the amounts—\$100 or \$150."

★ At McKeesport, Pa., on Nov. 8, the single-seal race for \$500 a side between Peter H. Conley, of Boston, and John Teemer was declared off. Teemer's backers asserted that he was not in condition, and forfeited \$100 stake money, besides the \$120 given to Conley for his expenses.

★ On Nov. 8 John Hexamer, of Hoboken, N. J., purchased from Charles M. Reed, of Erie, Pa., his trotters, Tony Newell and Telephone, for \$15,000. Newell is by Clark's Chief, record 2:19½. Telephone is by Wood's Hambletonian, record 2:20½. They will be driven as a team.

★ On Nov. 3, at Joe Acton's Pastime Park, Noah Makinson, on behalf of Fred. Rodgers, and Wm. Squires, on behalf of Harry Hutchens, put up \$10 a side in the hands of the Philadelphia Item as a forfeit to make a match, on Sheffield handicap terms, Rodgers receiving ¾ yards start in 131.

★ Letters are lying at this office for the following: Mr. Woynston, Doc. Bazas, Johnny Carman, George Comstock, Wm. De Vere, Wm. Edwards, Robt. Farrall, Carlos Martino, Charley McDonald, Prof. W. C. McClellan, Harry Thompson, Henry Dunn, Florrie Barnett, W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), John Laflin.

★ William Muldoon, of New York, the champion Græco-Roman wrestler, and Col. McLaughlin had a mixed wrestling match on Nov. 9 at St. Louis. The conditions were best three out of five, for a purse of \$90. Each secured two falls, and in the fifth bout Muldoon's hold broke, when McLaughlin was declared the winner.

★ Patsy Leonard, of Philadelphia, writes as follows: "Jas. Ryan having styled himself a champion, I desire you to state in the POLICE GAZETTE that I will make a match to spar him 4 or 6 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and I will bet him \$50 or \$100 he cannot defeat me; said match to be at Ryan's own weight, 149 lbs."

★ Charley Davis, of Chicago, is eager to match Patsy (Cardiff) against Charley Mitchell or Jack Burke for a 6 or 8-round contest, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for gate receipts and a reasonable stake. The dimensions of Cardiff are favorable enough if he is only good enough. He is twenty-one years of age, stands 6 ft 2½ in in height and weighs 171 lbs.

★ Was it a bombshell, a flash of lightning, or a thunderbolt, that came from Chicago? No; but it was just as startling, when the wires flashed the news that Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist of America, had decided to go through a course of training to meet any pugilist in the world, and that he intends to meet Sullivan, Greenfield, Mitchell, etc.

★ The foot-ball contest between Columbia and Princeton colleges, at Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 8, was won by Princeton by a score of 12 points to 11. The teams were as follows: Princeton: Rushers—Bradford (captain), Brien, Porter, Guttray, Levengood, Stearns and Riggs. Quarter-back—McCaull. Half-backs—Williamson and Savage. Full-back—Spaulding. Columbia: Rushers—H. Stevens, Leroy, Donnelly, Ward, Harris, Richards and Wilson. Quarter-back—Schuyler. Half-backs—Lockwood and C. Stevens. Full-back—James.

★ The following explains itself:

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 15, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Sir—Hearing so much talk and blowing from Patrick Dunn, of Fall River, about dog-fighting, I will fight him any weight between 25 and 31 lbs for from \$300 to \$500 a side, James Keenan, of Boston, stakeholder and referee. This challenge to remain open until Nov. 20, 1884. Hoping Patrick Dunn and the Port Laws will "put up or shut up."

Yours very respectfully, JOHN QUINN.

★ The following explains itself:

BRANTFORD, ONT., Nov. 15, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Sir—I understand H. M. Johnson, of New York, is anxious to run anybody 50 or 75 yards. I will match him, either one or both those races, for \$250 a side, and will take \$25 expenses and run in New York, mutual consent, or pistol-shot, Sheffield rules, R. K. Fox to be referee and final stakeholder. I have deposited \$100 with Jno. Clarke (pool-seller), of Hamilton, as forfeit. If Johnson will deposit a forfeit in Richard K. Fox's hands I will cover at once.

Yours, etc., JAMES QUIRK.

★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: Al. H. Sloan, Mr. Haggitt, Los Curtis, Joe Denning, H. M. Johnson, J. Gibbs, Ned Mallahan, Walter De Baur, E. R. Taylor, Charley Norton; Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America; Jimmy Patterson, Harry Brooks, Prof. Walter Watson, Ned Brant, Geo. Young, Mr. Winthrop, Geo. Norton, Billy O'Brien, Dominick McCaffrey, Billy Madden, A. Clark; S. Long, Stratford, Ont.; John A. McKelvy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Robt. Twynan and Richard Burke, Newport, Conn.; Charles B. Hazleton, Jerry Murphy, J. Clancy, Herald; Geo. Sands, John Shugive, Norwich, Conn.; John H. Haverley, Thad. Meighan, J. E. Sullivan, W. E. Dougherty, N. Y. Star; A. O. Watrouse, Madison, Conn.; Emil Voss, Pat Sheedy, Chicago, Ill.; Eugene L. Sullivan and Frank L. Burdick, Norwich, Conn.; Dr. Alex. Davis, Jack Dempsey, Peter Dwyer, W. H. Cummo, C. O. Hearn, Dr. Mulvaney, Toronto, Ont.; John Courtney, Billy Madden; Jerry Dunn, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. Muldoon, Johnny Roach, E. C. Walker; Mr. Wood, Morning Journal; Harry Munson, T. J. Wilkes, the Dial; Joe Coburn; Edward Bond and Michael Condon, steamship Oregon; Frank Cryslar, P. Clair, Mr. Sullivan, Chas. Hughes.

★ At Lexington, Ky., on Nov. 11, Maud S. again beat the trotting record, covering a mile in the unprecedented time of 2:09½. Blair handled the ribbons. She reached the quarter in 32½s, the half in 1:34, then, joined by the running horse, she made the three-quarters in 1:37, and rattled down the stretch beautifully, passing under the wire in 2:09½ amid great

applause. Mr. Robert Bonner was warmly congratulated. W. H. Wilson, who acted as starter, spoke of Maud S. as five times queen, eulogized Woodburn farm where she was bred, Blair as her driver and Mr. Bonner as her owner. He thanked Mr. Bonner on behalf of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, through which, in commemoration of this feat, Woodburn farm awards to Maud S. a silver cup with the time made engraved thereon. This constitutes the performance a record. The timers were Major P. P. Johnson, president of the Kentucky Horse Breeders' Association; W. H. Wilson, ex-president of the same, and Col. R. West. The judges' stand was given to Mr. Robert Bonner and friends.

★ In regard to Charley Mitchell's claim to the championship of England, Alf. Greenfield says: "Mitchell had a record as long as your arm when he came here, but he never gained a prize battle in his life in the hold country. It was a lucky day for Mitchell when Madden came along that way. He was only a hamateur there, but he landed here a champion—noting but a paper champion though. I should like to meet him with the naked ones," and an ugly-looking fist was clinched and held up at half-arm's length. "Mitchell never fought anybody but third-class men in his glove competitions. It's a question if he is a good one in the ring with the naked knuckles. With gloves a man don't have the best show to prove whether he is a game 'un or not. Four rounds with the mittens, to my mind, don't determine that a man is a champion. Many are good with the gloves, but won't stand punishment in the ring with the naked fists. Why, you might get all split up by gloves, and then endurance, or gameness, win a battle right out of the fire."

★ The following challenge to the breeders of game fowls, will, no doubt, meet with a response:

HAMILTON, CANADA, Nov. 13, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I enclose you the following challenge: As I have my doubts about the gameness of the Southern cocks, I will show in Lively, Alabama, or Canada, between the 20th and 25th of January, 1885, a main of twenty-five cocks, between 4½ and 6½ lbs, and fight all that come within 2 ounces of each other for \$50 each fight and \$300 the odd, or I will make it for \$100 each and \$1,000 the odd, the main to be fought in 1½ or 1¾ in heels, to be bound from sock to point, and to be fought in the Royal Cockpit rules, with Mr. R. H. Lampkin and Capt. Rucker, of Athens, Georgia, preferred, as they are considered the champions of the South by winning the tournament at New Orleans last February. I have deposited with Mr. James Allen, the largest liquor dealer in Lively, Ala., \$250 as a forfeit, to be put in any bank the parties may agree on, with copy of articles of agreement. No commutation notes until a forfeit is deposited. As I mean business, not a newspaper dispute. My reason for naming Lively, Ala., as the place of fighting, is that the law allows license for a cockpit; but if fought in Canada it would have to be fought private. I will allow 70 per cent. of gate money for expenses to come to Canada, or I will take the same for my expenses to fight in Lively, Ala.

PHILIP STEPHENS,
No. 32 Charles Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Can.

A BONANZA THE POLITICIANS LOST SIGHT OF.

While politicians everywhere were quarreling on Tuesday, October 14, 1884, the 173d Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery came off. Ticket No. 78,455 drew the first capital prize of \$75,000, and it was sold in whole ticket to a well-known business man of the Crescent City, and paid in to E. N. Lhoste, of the Louisiana National Bank there. No. 77,956 drew the second prize of \$25,000, sold in fifths at one dollar each—one-fifth each to Mr. Harry Smith, Justice of the Peace, and Wm. M. Kennedy, planter, both of Greenville, Miss.; one-fifth to W. C. Briggs, of Chicago; another to E. C. Bennett, No. 210 Sedgewick street, Chicago. Two-fifths of the third prize of \$10,000—ticket No. 47,254—was won by O. C. Fox, Portage, Wis. The fourth prizes of \$6,000 each were won by Nos. 13,388 and 54,531, sold in fifths at one dollar each, and scattered very promiscuously. North, South, East and West, to parties in Memphis, Tenn.; Columbia, Tenn.; Philadelphia, Pa., and New York city, etc., etc. But it will ever go on, and if you invest it may make you, but will not break you. (To be continued indefinitely.)—Texas Siftings.

JEROME HOPKINS' CONCERTS.

It seems to be conceded by the best judges that never before has New York heard such music from such material as Mr. Jerome Hopkins' concerts for the Pedestal Fund are now offering. These unique entertainments are in three parts, the first being "For Church People," the second "For Dilettanti," and the third "For Children," the last comprising selections from the concert giver's own comic opera of "Taffy and Old Munch," which provoked roars of merriment at each performance, the "Three Chickens" song being particularly exuberant and funny. Chorus of 500 children from the public schools take part in every concert, but they are only the "cream" of each school. The next concert will be Saturday, the 22d, and we heartily commend it to our readers in New York.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, accompanied with stamp naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

Photographs: Human Studies from Life for Artists. Classical Undraped Figures, English Celebrities, Pretty Women, English and French Actresses. Price lists and samples mailed free; 12 cts. Selections sent for approval on receipt of deposit of \$1 upward. Address CONTINENTAL NOVELTY CO., 108 Strand, London, England. Fra is supplied.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot in sets of (3), sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. W. Scott, 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

10 Carte De Visites Actresses in Tight. 25c.; 10 cabinets, 50c. (the best.) McGill, 304 Henry Street, N. Y.

Gents only. Send 25 cts. for Photo of female in various positions. Circulars free. ACME CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

20 Red-Hot Photos (new). They show all, 10c. (silver), sealed. Drawer 435, Foxboro, Mass.

Gents, if you want red-hot photos, send 10 cts. (silver) for 25. HOME CARD CO., Schooley's, Ross Co., Ohio.

TO ADVERTISERS.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies.

Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.

Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.

Estimates submitted upon application.

A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line.

Reading Notices..... 2.00 "

Copy for advertisements must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 2½ inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

EUROPEAN EDITION.

Having completed special arrangements in London, England, over four thousand copies of the GAZETTE which are distributed weekly through my London agency, besides the usual mail to all parts of Europe. Advertisers desiring to reach European sporting men have an unprecedented opportunity to do so through this medium.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,
New York

AMUSEMENTS.

JEROME HOPKINS'

MONSTER "ORPHEON" CONCERTS

FOR THE

BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL FUND,

With GRAND CHORUSES of 500 VOICES.

Solos for Voices and for Piano as well, also parts of the

Opera "TAFY AND OLD MUNCH."

LET ALL COME and hear the most wonderful specimens

of perfect

CHILDREN'S CHORUS SINGING ever offered to American audiences.

The Sublime Anthems!

The Enchanting Echo Chorus!

The Laughable "Three Chicken" Song!

THIRD CONCERT.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22

AT STEINWAY HALL.

ADMISSION, FLOOR, 50 cts., BALCONIES, 25 cts.

No secured seats.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins' permanent address is care Mason & Hamlin, 46 E. 14th St., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address FAUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GET RICH A "GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS" will be sent you by mail on receipt of 10 cts. that will bring you in MORE MONEY in one month than anything else in America. Success certain. Needs no capital. Write Box 88, 720 Sixth Street, New York.

FRENCH GOODS.

Books, Vols., Photographs, Cards, etc., etc., sealed Catalogue for stamped directed envelope. New York Notion Co., 58 Liberty St., New York.

Patent Binders, Containing Four of the latest issues for filling the POLICE GAZETTE and WEEK'S DOINGS, can be purchased at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street. Price, \$1.50 each.

Get the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls. 12 highly colored and in interesting positions, 50c. per set; three sets, \$1.00. Stamps taken as cash. W. Scott, up 3 flights, 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

GENTS. Something new in Rubber Goods, sizes, Price, \$1.00. No circulars. Address NOVELTY RUBBER CO., Box 534 P. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. D. Wilson Printing Ink Company (Limited), supply the ink used on this paper, and manufacture every description of printing and lithographic inks. Office, 75 Fulton street; Factory, Long Island City.

The Egyptian Coin Trick. A Splendid thing. By mail, 10c. STAR STAMP CO., Willsbickton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gents only. Send 25 cents for light and durable sample of rubber goods. Box 452, San Antonio, Texas.

CARDS.

NEW CARDS 20 Hidden Name

10c. 6 pks. 50c. (your name hidden by hand holding bouquet of flowers, etc.) 50 New Imported, completely embossed—chromes with name, 15c., 4 pks. 50c. (not the cheap embossed edge)

advertised by others for 10c.) Agents New Sample Book, Premium List and Price List FREE with each order. Address U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

"Ah, there!" "Just My Style."

50 Daisies, the best out; gold, tinted, motto, silver, etc. Chromo cards, name in fancy type, and illustrated price list, 12 pages, only 10 cents. 8 pks. for 75 cents, and an elegant Solid Silver Plated Napkin Ring FREE. Big Pay to Agents.

YOUNG MAN If you want a pack of parent Playing Cards that are "totally utterer," send \$1 bill to Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gents. Send for our red-hot photos of females in naughty positions. Taken from life. By mail, 5 for 50c.; 12 different, \$1. BISON CARD CO., Foxboro, Mass.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems, mailed for 10 one-cent stamps. ACME Mfg. Co., Ivoryton, Conn.

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

SUFFERERS FROM

Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscritions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Cocaine (from Erythroxylon coca), ¼ drachm.

Jerubehn, 1-2 drachm.

Helonias Dioica, 1-2 drachm.

Gelsemin, 8 grains.

Ext. Ignatia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness, either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restoration are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

Address or call on

New England Medical Institute,

24 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

Health is Wealth.—Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed Specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involutionary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over-excitation of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued by West & Co. Orders filled by sole agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.

Tarrant's Compound

OF CUBERS AND COPAIBA.

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Curbs and Copaiba. One recommendation to its use is its mode in which it may be taken, in both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Positive Cure without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES. No nausea or doses of cubers, copaiba or oil of sandalwood, that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box 1,533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

Nervous Exhaustion.—A Medical Essay, comprising lectures delivered at Kahn's Museum of Anatomy on the cause and cure of premature decline, showing how lost health may be regained, affording a clear synopsis of impediments to marriage and the treatment of nervous and physical debility; by mail 25c. Address Secretary Kahn's Museum, 713 Broadway, N. Y.

Self Cure Free. Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. A favorite preparation of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the United States (now retired). Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo. It never fails.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured with Docuta Sandalwood. Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious imitations; none but the Docuta genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All Druggists.

PENNYROYAL PILLS The only genuine, safe and effectual. Never fail.

(Chichester's English) Sealed particulars by return mail, 4c. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Phila., Pa.

Heavy Beard and Mustache.—For forcing either to grow, try "Favorite Receipt," which any druggist can fill. Price, 25c. Sent sealed for \$1. J. F. DARTON, Long Hill, Conn.

Perfezione strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotence, and nervous debility; sent by mail. DR. FULLER, 429 Canal street, N. Y.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St. N. Y.

MINERAL WATERS.

WAUKESHA GLENN,

QUEEN OF WATERS.

Guaranteed medicinally superior—containing more natural mineral salts. It is pure. Is the only mineral water known in the world which acts directly upon the secretions of the Liver, Kidneys, Urinary and Generative Organs, and is Nature's Sovereign Remedy for the numerous class of diseases that afflict the human family. Thousands of testimonials mailed free.

T. H. BRYANT, Waukesha, Wis.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. M. Myers, formerly of Brooklyn Bakery, corner of Woodhull and Columbia, or Mrs. S. Lord, of Woods, at the advertising department of the POLICE GAZETTE.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

In preparation and will be produced, the
GREATEST HOLIDAY NUMBER
 FOR THE SPORTING WORLD
 EVER ISSUED FROM THE PRESS.

An edition of not less than 200,000 copies will be actually printed, sold and distributed throughout the United States, and being published on

TUESDAY, the 9th of December,
 No. 378 of the POLICE GAZETTE

will do more effective work as a salesman than any medium extant. The GAZETTE occupies the SPORTING FIELD of the country exclusively. It circulates in every State and Territory, and is eagerly read by hundreds of thousands of citizens whom advertisers could not reach in any other way. It affords a means of selling goods at points where they cannot be purchased except by mail order; its work is thoroughly effective, and results acknowledged to be more profitable to its patrons than any other journal used, without exception.

To those who have availed themselves of its advantages this information will secure a share of their HOLIDAY TRADE, and to those who have not a Test Trial Trip is all that is needed to prove its desirability as an investment.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE!

The uniform rate of One Dollar per Apage line of space (eight words to a line) No extra charge for display or extras.

Send in your orders early, either direct or through any responsible advertising agency in the United States or Canada.

FORMS CLOSE ON THURSDAY, DEC. 4, AT NOON.

Proofs of advertisements submitted upon application. A copy of the GAZETTE is always mailed to every advertiser without request. Address,

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,

FRANKLIN SQUARE,

P. O. Box 41, NEW YORK.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Every Christmas we make the little folks a Christmas present. This year we have something nice and pretty. To introduce our goods in every home we will send away boys or girls free of charge, if you will send 3c. for postage, 3c. 3 Pretty Dolls with beautiful like-like features, one little boy and two dolls with complete wardrobe of 22 pieces, dresses, hats, shoes, etc., one elegant gilt-bound floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, ferns, scrolls, etc., 3 lovely Christmas Cards, one pretty Birthday Card and a 50p. Holiday Book. **A. L. BABCOCK & CO.,** Centerbrook, Conn.

FREE HOLIDAY PACKAGE.

To introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will send you (free of charge) if you will send 20 cts. in stamps for postage, 3c. 5 pretty Christmas Cards, 5 nice New Year Cards, 5 lovely Birthday Cards, a beautiful Gilt Bound Floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, ferns, scrolls, etc., also our new illustrated holiday book. **U. S. MFG. CO.,** Hartford, Conn.

MEDICAL.

LADIES!

Our "PENNYROYAL PILLS" are XXX in strength, and the best made. Warranted safe, speedy, and always EFFECTUAL. If taken with our "PINKETTES" PENNYROYAL, which is furnished free to customers, they never fail. Full particulars, etc. **DR. STANTON & CO.,** Station L, New York.

VIGOR FOR WEAK MEN

Sufferers from Premature Decay, Nervous Debility or any of the results of Indiscretions or Excesses, will find in the **Marston Boleus** a radical cure without Stomach Medication. Effective and cheap. Sealed treatise free. **MARSTON REMEDY CO.,** 46 W. 14th St. New York.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, an strong in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, **DR. T. A. SLOUGH,** 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Manhood Restored.

Victims of youthful imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess, will learn of a simple remedy, free, by addressing **J. H. REEVES,** 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

MANHOOD

To those suffering from the effects of youthful errors, seminal weakness, early decay, lost manhood, etc., I will send you particulars of a simple and certain means of self cure, free of charge. Send your address to **F. C. FOWLER,** Moodus, Conn.

FREE TRIAL.

Send for NERVITA, a certain cure for Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, etc. Trial package mailed for 2c. postage only. **DR. A. C. BLISS,** Box 242, Chicago, Ill.

PILLS OF TANSY

Are Perfectly Safe. Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM

Heroin Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. **DR. J. STEPHENS,** Lebanon, Ohio.

LADIES' PARIAN PILLS

SALE PARTICULARS 2c. **HYGIENIC SOCIETY, PHILA., PA.**

VIGOR

For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free. **CIVILE AGENT, 160 Fulton St., New York.**

FUR GOODS.

FUR AND SEALSKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

25 CENTS. The "N. Y. Weekly News," the largest and cheapest weekly published, will be sent from now to Feb. 1, 1885, for 25 CENTS. Greatest offer ever made by a newspaper, containing 12 pages every week. Special sensational articles, sporting, etc. Takes 6 hours to read its 72 columns every week. Every one will find something personally interesting in it. Send 25 cents and try it until Feb. 1st. Address, **N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 3,795, N. Y.**

AN OLD-TIME BOOK.

F. H. Fine Steel Engravings. Price \$2.50. Transparent Playing Cards, price \$2.50 per pack by mail, well scaled. **N. Y. Book Co.,** 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Room 38, New York.

LOVE

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single. Securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the **Union Publishing Co.,** Newark, N. J.

Would You Know What the Devil is Doing for Our Boys? Read "Traps for the Young." Price, 4c. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. **A. BARNES, P. O. Box 55, New York City.**

CUT THIS OUT

and return to us with 10c. (silver) and receive by return mail 100 CENTS. H. J. WEINMAN, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT

Illustrated Book Sent Free (new) **E. NASON & Co.,** 120 Fulton St., New York.

Two New Books! Best Yet! Venus Doves, \$1; Nellie's Memories, \$1. **C. Connor,** 37 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

"We Never Speak as We Pass By," and 100 other songs, 10c. **H. A. VAN DYCK,** Barnerville, N. Y.

Send stamp for list of rare books (for men). **Nov. 29th Co.,** Box 400, Springfield, Ohio.

Catalogue of "Police Gazette" Illustrated publications, mailed free. The trade supplied by the American News Company, New York. **New York and National News Company, New York, or any of their branches throughout the country.** **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

The Female Sharper of New York. Their habits and habits, their wiles and victims. With illustrations. By mail, 30c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women who have made insanity an excuse for murder. Illustrated. By mail, 30c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

Gotham by Gaslight; or, After Dark in Palace and Pleasure, Sensation of the City and of Gotham. "New York by Day and Night" and "The Mysteries of New York." By mail, 30c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

The Fast Men of America; or, Racing with "Time" from the Cradle to the Grave. By mail, 30c. The romance and reality of life on the railroad. Illustrated with pen and pencil by an old railroad. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

Devil's Frauds; or, The Shark of Society. By mail, 30c. The lives and adventures of the most famous impostors of Europe and America. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. My mail, 30c. A record of the oddities, romances and absurdities of suicide in Europe and America. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

The Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. The romance and reality of our female desperadoes. Fully illustrated with portraits. By mail, 30c. **RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.**

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